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Something to fit each need of consolation or encouragement may be found among them; something for secular and lay devotion has its space. It is an interesting collection on account of marking the high average attainment in poetical composition which distinguishes the culture of the day. Few of the writers have a national reputation, but many of them come close to the standards of such verse.

From *The School Journal*, New York:

These poems are Christian in tone and subject, are adapted to the several seasons of the Christian year, or attuned to the varying keys in which life is set, and will be enjoyed by those who read the poetry of Keble and Coxe. The book will find friends in many a household. It will make a gift book that will be read and prized, because it utters the language of heart to heart.

From *The Times*, Louisville, Ky;

The collection will be found to contain much that will inspire or comfort those endeavoring to live the "higher life."

From *The Home Journal*, New York:

Each season of the Christian year is commemorated in song, and in addition to legendary and allegorical and miscellaneous poems, there are verses of consolation, patience, prayer, and praise, and verses suited to childhood.

From *The Evangelist*, New York:

Many of them deserve a longer life than they could have had in the pages of a weekly paper, and all of them are edifying. The book is prettily bound and well illustrated.

From *The Universalist*, Chicago and Cincinnati:

The poems are much above the average of newspaper verse and well deserve the new and beautiful form in which they are issued by the publishers, A. C. McClurg & Co., of Chicago.

From *St. Andrew's Cross*, New York.

The selection has been wisely made, and the hymns and poems given in the volume are marked with religious fervor, fine feeling, and a high degree of poetic merit. There is no world poetry here, but there is no doggerel. Among the writers represented are Bishop McLaren, Dr. Leffingwell, Dr. Cameron Mann, Dr. R. W. Lowrie, L. L. Robinson, F. Burge Griswold, and William B. Chisholm.

From *School Journal*, New York and Chicago:

Among the handsomest, and we doubt not the most welcome, little books of the year, is "Lyrics of the Living Church," consisting of a collection of poems that have appeared in THE LIVING CHURCH during the first ten years of its publication.

From *The New York Herald:*

A mass of religious verse, most of it edifying, has been collected in a sightly book, entitled "Lyrics of the Living Church." The name has double significance, all the poems having been first printed in a religious periodical called THE LIVING CHURCH.

From *The Advance*, Chicago:

Of course, culling from such a large field and such a variety of writers, there is a corresponding variety of merit. Some are beautiful and some hardly merit that appellation; but all are marked by a sweet and devout spirit. It is very prettily illustrated.

From *The Congregationalist*, Boston.

Some of these poems are very stimulating spiritually, and, although they vary greatly, as a whole the collection well deserves to be printed.

From *The Standard*, Chicago:

The poems, as of course should be expected in a collection of this kind, are various in merit, although many are of superior excellence. They are, indeed, as a whole, much above the range commonly reached by writers of verse for the weekly press.

From *The Beacon*, Boston:

Naturally from the large number of authors represented, the colletcion is very unequal in merit, but it will be strange if the lover of devotional verse do not find something to his or her special liking. The book is not up in an exceedingly attractive dress, with seventeen illustrations and symbolical headpieces drawn by J. H. Gratacap.

From *The Public Ledger*, Philadelphia.

Erastus C. Delavan's "Beyond," and F. Macrae's "I stand at the door and knock," are beautiful examples in a collection which is rich in poems of prayer and praise.

From *The Democrat*, Davenport, Ia.

It is a sheaf of delightful things in poesy—many a gem. The book cannot fail to receive a warm welcome, since it is deserving.

From *The Church Eclectic*, Utica, N. Y.:

This is a handsome volume indeed, and very suitable for a present. There are a number of fine illustrations. One would hardly suppose so many original poems had been published in a weekly paper, and Dr. Leffingwell has only made "a selection." It contains many pieces of genuine merit.

From *The Young Churchman*, Milwaukee:

Dr. Leffingwell has done a real service to the literary world in bringing out this volume of choice poems. * * * Bishop Burgess' Easter hymn resounds with the Easter story, and is worthy of the best musical setting. In a different vein is a really remarkable poem by the Bishop of Chicago, entitled "The Conversion of the Centurion."

From the Boston *Times*.

The poems are mostly commemorative of Church days and seasons, and there are many beautiful verses in the collection. The Christmas and Easter poems are very delightful and the legends of various saints are charmingly told.

The Southern Churchman.

We congratulate our contemporary, THE LIVING CHURCH, on giving to the public so large and beautiful a book of poems, some of which are excellent, and all, so far as we see, worthy a place in this volume.

The Philadelphia, Pa., *Inquirer*.

The themes, of course, are Churchly and religious, and, expressing the Christian faith; the collection is likely to find much favor.

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The Living Church.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1892.

THE CLOSED DOOR.

BY M. A. THOMSON.

"Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear My voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with Me." —Revelation iii:20.

A Monarch standeth at the door
His subject's hand hath barred,
And knocks, as He hath knocked before,
With hand by nail-print scarred;
If thou wilt open, though 'tis He
Who made the cherubim,
He will come in and sup with thee,
And thou shalt sup with Him.

He knocked when life was fresh and gay
And by no cares beset;
Thou said'st: "Tis now but dawn of day;
I cannot open yet;
With pleasure's chime mine ear is filled,
With trifles sweet my heart;
O wait till mirthful sounds be stilled,
And youth's bright morn depart."

He knocked again—O wondrous grace!
But knocked, alas! in vain,
For thou hadst entered on the race
For earthly fame and gain;
Thou said'st: "Tis now high noon of life;
My heart no more is free;
The world, its hopes, and fears, and strife,
Have left no room for Thee."

Old age has come—He knocks again;
Oh, can there yet be hope?
"My palsied hand," thou dost complain,
"The portal cannot ope;"
It can, but only in the might
Of His nail-pierced hand,
Who died to bring thee life and light
And still doth waiting stand.

And who art thou, O rebel heart,
That wilt not let Him in?
But one of myriads thou art,
Whose doors are barred by sin;
'Twas not in Palestine alone,
Or in some far-off spot,
The Saviour came unto His own,
And they received Him not.

Oh, while with grief of those we hear
Who slight His goodness thus,
Shall we not watch, with holy fear,
Lest it be so with us?
Lest, while to Him we bend the knee,
To Him the voice outpour,
Between the heart and Him there be
A closed and sin-barred door?

Philadelphia, Lent, 1892.

THIRTY-TWO thousand pounds have been raised for the completion of the Birmingham Bishopric fund, and the remaining £18,000 for the required sum of £50,000 is, the Bishop of Coventry states, practically guaranteed.

IN addition to the three Prize Stories before announced, we have accepted the following: "The Child of the Covenant," by Virginia C. Castleman; "The Do-Nothing Society," by Lily MacLeod; "Ellen Alcott," by Fannie Southgate; "Allendale's Choice," by Leigh North;" "Mysie," by the author of "Virginia Dare."

DR. LANGFORD has written a letter to the adult members of the Church to remind them that they all were Sunday school scholars, and asking them to help the children to make the Lenten offering for the general missionary work a grand success. A picture of the missionary bishops in a group, is to be given to every contributor to the Lenten offering.

THE Bishops of Ely, Lincoln, and Chichester have given a dispensation within their dioceses from the obligation of fasting and abstinence during the present Lent. The Bishop of Ely has issued a pastoral letter on the subject, which he desired should be read in the churches of his diocese. The reason of this mitigation of Lenten discipline is to be found in the fact of the prevailing epidemic of influenza.

THE election of Hon. Edward G. Mason, of Chicago, to be a vice-president of the Egypt Exploration Fund, with the Rev. Dr. W. C. Winslow, will add much to the interest taken in this part of the world in that society's valuable work. Mr. Mason is himself a Nile traveller, and thoroughly informed as to the discoveries in progress. Another good thing was done at the annual meeting in London: George William Curtis was chosen to wear the mantle of James Russell Lowell as the one honorary vice-president of the fund. Only Americans have held that office since 1883, when the fund was established.

A PROPOSAL has been made for the establishment of a missionary bishopric to comprise practically the whole of Northern Australia west of the Gulf of Carpentaria. By this arrangement the Bishop of Adelaide would be relieved of the "Northern Territory" (a part of the Colony of South Adelaide, which he says he is "utterly unable to work"), and the Bishop of Perth of the northern portion of his diocese down to the 26th parallel of latitude. At present the diocese of Perth embraces an area of 1,060,000 square miles, and by the aid of S. P. G., Church work is rapidly extending with the new era of progress on which the colony has entered.

THE diocesan paper of Bishop Talbot's jurisdiction has a picture of the proposed cathedral for which the Bishop is now raising funds. It is a beautiful design, by Mr. Wm. Halsey Wood, the eminent architect, of Newark. The citizens of Laramie, who have already presented the Bishop's house, will give $10,000 towards the building fund. The Bishop hopes to raise the $20,000 additional which are needed. Laramie is the seat of the State University, and it is eminently desirable that the Church shall have a noble and capacious edifice which shall worthily represent her.

THE names have been published in Japan of thirteen members of the Japanese House of Representatives, who are baptized Christians. A Japanese contemporary remarks that, if that average were preserved through Japan, it would signify that Christianity had gained over a million and a half of converts. From another point of view, the figures are even more interesting. It has always been claimed that, although Christian propagandism makes some progress among the lower order of Japanese, it has no success with the upper. The inference suggested by the number of Christians in the House of Representatives contradicts this theory, for it shows that, whereas the percentage of Christians throughout Japan does not exceed twenty-seven in every ten thousand, the corresponding percentage in every class from which members of the House of Representatives are drawn is 433.

THE final figures of the Indian census of last year are now practically complete. They show that the whole population of this great dependency is more than 288,000,000. The great majority of this vast number of folk are, alas! still heathen. Nearly 208,000,000 of them are Hindoos, over 57,000,000 of them are Mahomedans, over 7,000,000 Buddhists, and of the remaining 16,000,000 only 2,284,191 are Christians. These are figures which may well make the stoutest heart faint, the most sanguine disposition despondent, at the vastness of the task which has to be undertaken to win all these souls for Christianity. Yet since 1881 the increase in the number of Christians has been nearly double in proportion to that of the whole population.

A DESIGN for the Liddon monument in St. Paul's, furnished by Messrs. Bodley and Garner, has been accepted, and is in process of construction at the works of Messrs. Farmer and Brindley. It is hoped that in the course of a few months it may be set up in the place assigned for it in the eastern apse of the cathedral. The monument itself (an altar tomb with a recumbent figure) is estimated to cost £1,200. But as £2,000 were originally voted for this object, it was resolved that the remaining sum of £800 should be set aside for the decoration and completion of the chapel in which the monument is to be erected. The remainder of the sum subscribed is to be handed over to the warden and council of Keble College, as the permanent trustees of the Theological Studentship Fund.

WE have, from the Secretary of the English Church Union, a request for information about services in churches that are most likely to be visited by tourists during the Columbian Exposition. This information will be published in the "Tourist's Church Guide," the next edition of which will be issued in May. The statistics needed are the name and location of the church, hours and days of Celebration of Holy Communion and other services; also which of the "six points" of ritual are in use. The secretary desires to hear from cities East and West where tourists will be likely to go. Address replies to the editor of THE LIVING CHURCH. The immediate response of the clergy is urgently requested, that the information may be sent in time for the publication.

ACCORDING to *The Pall Mall Gazette*, the new Archbishop of York is instituting a paternal government in his diocese. With two suffragan bishops, he has more time to devote to details, and he is overhauling matters with a will, not even such apparently trivial incidents as district visiting escaping him. But he has been more especially original in dealing with curates. Every curate is to have one day a week for private study or rest, and one or two hours for reading every day. He is to be expected to preach one, and only one, original sermon a month, and if he should be called upon to preach more frequently, he is to take a sermon from Liddon or Farrar, and publicly acknowledge the obligation! Further, no curate is to get a living until he has been in orders for ten years. Boy vicars or rectors instructing their elders, is what the new Archbishop specially objects to. These orders are making quite a sensation in the North.

THE STANDARD PRAYER-BOOK OF 1892.

MR. EDITOR.—Will you allow me the use of your columns for an announcement likely to be of interest to many of your readers? The joint committee of the General Convention charged with the duty of presenting a standard Prayer Book at Baltimore, in October, propose to print from type an edition of one thousand and one copies, namely, one copy on some enduring material, probably vellum, to be reserved as the one standard book and delivered into the charge of the officially appointed custodian; five hundred copies on large hand-made paper with engraved borders; and five hundred copies on good book paper and of about the size of the present standard.

The last-named copies will be for distribution among the members of General Convention; but the large paper edition is now offered to subscribers at twenty dollars a copy, only so many copies being reserved as may be needed for official distribution to the dioceses, and for honorary presentation to such persons as the Convention shall designate. The books will be distributed as soon after the adjournment of the Convention as possible. It will be impossible to distribute them during the session of the Convention, since the text will not be definitely settled until the pending alterations recommended by the last Convention shall have been acted upon one way or the other.

Applications for a place on the list of subscribers to the large paper edition should be sent to J. Pierpont Morgan, Esq., Treasurer, 23 Wall st., New York. A copy of the committee's report, uniform in size, will accompany each volume. It may be proper to add that the proceeds of the sale of copies will probably be not more than enough to meet the cost of printing, binding, and distribution, since it has been decided to spare no effort to make the book one of which the Church will have reason to be proud. Should there, however, be any surplus of receipts over expenditures, the excess will be turned over to the trustees of the fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of deceased clergymen.

WILLIAM R. HUNTINGTON.
Secretary of the Committee on Printing.

March 15, 1892.

CHICAGO.

WM. E. McLAREN, D.D. D.C.L., Bishop.

CITY.—On Sunday last, the Bishop confirmed 77 at St. James' church in the morning, and 31 at the church of the Ascension in the evening.

A meeting of the committee on the Church Congress at the Columbian Exposition was held at the Church Club rooms on Friday. The time was occupied mainly in hearing reports from the committee on the preliminary correspondence. It was decided to increase the membership of the committee.

The noon-day Lenten services at 204 Dearborn st., are very well attended. The comfortable hall of the G. A. R. is well filled at each service. The St. Andrew's Brotherhood does good service in their excellent arrangements for the meetings.

The burial of the late Rev. Dr. Robert McMurdy took place from St. Paul's church on Sunday afternoon, the Rev. C. H. Bixby, rector, officiating. Dr. McMurdy was rector of this parish in 1874, for about two years, in which time 376 were baptized and 158 confirmed. Since that time he has resided in New York and Washington. For some years he has been secretary of the American Arbitration League. He died suddenly at Hot Springs, Ark.

At St. Peter's church, the Rev. S. C. Edsall, rector, the Lenten services have been fairly well attended thus far. On Ash Wednesday 77 were present in the morning and 92 in the evening. On other days, the attendance averages 12 at 10 A.M, and about 25 at 5 P. M. The Ladies' Guild are working for St. Luke's Hospital during Lent. St. Peter's Club are studying Church History at their meetings.

The annual meeting of the Chicago branch of the Girls' Friendly Society will be held on Tuesday, March 29th, at the church of the Ascension, corner LaSalle ave. and Elm st. There will be Celebrations at 6:30 and 9:30 A. M., and choral Celebration at 11 o'clock with sermon by the Rev. John Rouse, rector of Trinity church. Luncheon will be served by the ladies of the Ascension, to be followed by a business meeting, to which all are invited.

NEW YORK.

HENRY C. POTTER, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.

CITY.—The burial service over the remains of the late Rt. Rev. G.T. Bedell, D.D., third Bishop of Ohio, took place Tuesday, March 15th, at the church of the Ascension, his former parish. Bishop Walker of North Dakota, officiated, assisted by the Rev. Cornelius B. Smith, D.D., of St. James' church. There were also present, the Bishops of New Jersey and Pittsburgh, the Rev. Drs. E. Winchester Donald, John W. Brown, Arthur Brooks, Geo. H. Mallory, David H. Greer, E. Walpole Warren, and the Rev. Messrs. J. N. Steele, Jesse Lock, M. H. Gates, and others. The body was taken to Gambier, Ohio, for interment.

The attendance at the opening lectures of the Lord Bishop of Derry at the church of the Heavenly Rest, has crowded the church to its utmost capacity.

The list of special preachers at St. Michael's church, for Wednesday and Friday evenings during Lent, has so far been the Rev. Chas. R. Treat on Ash Wednesday; the Rev. Dr. Henry Wilson, March 4th; the Rev. Joseph Reynolds, March 9th; the Rev. J. C. Holt, March 11th; the Rev. Chas. F. Canedy, March 16th; and the Rev. Dr. C. DeW. Bridgman, March 18th. There will follow the Rev. Dr. Thomas H. Harris, secretary of the diocese, on March 23rd; the Rev. Dr. Arthur Brooks on March 25th; the Rev. Henry Mottet on March 30th; the Rev. Dr. A.C. Kimber on April 1st; the Rev. A. Derbyshire on April 6th; the Rev. Dr. J. S. Shipman on April 8th, and the Rev. Edward H. Cleveland on April 13th. On Good Friday, meditations on the Passion will be conducted by the rector, the Rev. Dr. Peters, and at night a special sermon will be preached by the Rev. John Fulton, D.D., LL.D. Service is held twice daily during Lent.

A movement is on foot to seek the restoration to the ministry of Mr. Francis E. Shober, who was deposed from the priesthood under peculiar circumstances last December. A feeling has arisen that injustice was done at the time, and Mr. Shober has obtained the Bishop's consent that his case be re-opened. A commission of inquiry has accordingly been appointed, consisting of the Ven. Archdeacon Zeigenfuss, of Poughkeepsie; the Rev. R. B. Fairbairn, D.D., LL. D., Warden of St. Stephen's College; the Rev. D. G. Wright, of Highlands; and Mr. R. F. Wilkinson, and Dr. Cleveland of the Hudson River State Hospital. The commission will hold a session April 20th at St. John's church, Barrytown.

On account of his lengthened stay abroad, Bishop Potter, has constituted the Standing Committeee of which the Rev. Morgan Dix, D.D., D. C. L., is president, the ecclesiastical authority of the diocese, pending his return.

At the church of the Heavenly Rest, the Rev. D. Parker Morgan, D.D., rector, Mr. Walter H. Hall of St. Peter's church, Albany, has been appointed organist and choirmaster. He will enter upon his duties before Easter.

At Trinity chapel, the Rev. Dr. Vibbert, minister in charge, there are special lectures on Wednesdays and Fridays during Lent, with two special celebrations of the Holy Eucharist every Sunday.

At the church of the Incarnation, the Rev. Arthur Brooks, D.D., rector, a commendable effort is making to gradually endow the parish, which though now in the midst of a wealthy population, will no doubt be in time left behind in the up-town march of the city's growth. The Lenten offerings are devoted to this object, and it is anticipated that a large amount will be placed upon the altar on Easter Day. St. Ann's and some other parishes in the city are gradually accumulating endowments which seem necessary to their future existence. The services at the church of the Incarnation include Wednesday morning lectures on Church History. A special intercessory service was held Tuesday, March 15th.

At the chapel of the Transfiguration, the Rev. E. C. Houghton, minister in charge, there is daily service during Lent, with short addresses at Evensong on "The Miracles of the Old Testament." There is also a series of sermons on "St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians." The special Lenten preachers have so far been the Rev. Dr. Newland Maynard, March 6th; the Rev. Dr. G. H. S. Walpole, on March 13th, and the Rev. Dr. J. R. Davenport, March 20th. On March 27th, the Rev. Dr. E. H. Krans, of St. Ann's will preach; the Rev. G. C. Houghton, of Trinity church, Hoboken, April 3rd, and the Rev. Dr. Geo. H. Houghton, of the church of the Transfiguration, April 10th.

The will of the late Wm. P. Woodcock of Bedford, N. Y., formerly a merchant of this city, was admitted to probate Wednesday, March 16th, in the surrogate's office at White Plains. The estate, which is estimated at $1,000,000, is left mainly to his family, but there are a number of public bequests; among them, $1,000 for the Home for Old Men and Aged Couples, of New York; $5,000 in trust for the benefit of St. Matthew's church, Bedford, the income to be paid annually to the rector; and $1,000 to the trustees of the Fund for Aged and Infirm Clergy of the Church in the diocese of New York.

The Lenten services at St. George's church, the Rev. Dr. Rainsford, rector, include daily services, with addresses by the rector on Wednesday afternoons, and lectures on Wednesday evenings by the Rev. Mr. Acheson. Union services, in which the neighboring parishes combine, are held on Fridays, as already announced. The rector's scheme of addresses includes the subjects, "Revelation and Miracles," "Prayer," "Creed," "St. Paul's Theology," "The Church's Modern Foe," "The Church's Future Glory." The Confirmation class, always large, is this year divided into sections according to age and sex, and its instruction is shared between the rector and the assistant clergy. The rector is taking his full share of work, seeming to be once more in his usual health. He will deliver short addresses daily in Holy Week, and conduct the Passion service on the afternoon of Good Friday.

At the Galilee Mission of Calvary church, Lenten exercises are regulated as follows: Mondays, Bible class; Tuesdays, temperance meeting; Wednesdays and Fridays, popular meeting at which any are allowed to speak; Thursdays, service of song; Saturdays, review meeting. During the past year 431 meetings were held, with an aggregate attendance of over 25,000 men. At the temperance meetings the pledge was signed by 363.

At All Angels' church the need of a parish house is much felt, and temporary rooms have been rented to provide for lectures, guild, and club meetings, and similar requirements.

The Lenten services at Calvary chapel include a daily reading and address of devotional tone.

At St. Peter's church, the Rev. Olin S. Roche, rector, the Rev. Dr. G. H. S. Walpole preached Sunday, March 6th. The Sunday preachers to follow are the Rev. Dr. Newland Maynard, March 13th; the Rev. V. C. Smith, March 27th; and the Rev. Henry Lubeck, April 3rd. The rector is delivering a course of Wednesday evening lectures on "Scenes from the life of David." The daily services are well attended.

St. Andrew's Infirmary has lately received gifts valued at about $200. It is steadily growing, and doing a most beneficent work in Harlem.

The Rev. Edward H. Cleveland, assistant minister of St. Andrew's church, and acting canon of the pro-cathedral, will take charge on May 1st of the new Emmanuel chapel of St. James' parish. The work of the chapel was undertaken by St. James' at the request of Bishop Potter, in a neighborhood destitute of the services of the Church. It is administered by a mission association, which has an incorporated board of trustees. The spiritual oversight is in the hands of the rector, the Rev. C. B. Smith, D. D, a brother of the Ven. Archdeacon Mackay-Smith. An effort is making to secure sufficient funds for the purchase of ground on which to build a chapel building and mission house.

At the church of the Holy Apostles, the Rev. B. E. Backus, rector, the Rev. G. A. Carstensen began the course of special Lenten sermons. He was followed by the Rev. Jacob S. Shipman, D.D., D.C.L., on March 9th, and the Rev. Wm. N. Dunnell, D. D., on March 16th. The Bishop of Mississippi, acting for the Bishop of the diocese, will make a visitation of the parish and administer Confirmation on Sunday, March 23rd. On March 30th, Bishop Talbot will be special preacher; the Rev. Henry Mottet, April 6th; the Rev. Isaac M. Thompson, of Quebec, and the Rev. Sidney C. Partridge, March 13th. The Wednesday evening lectures are especially for business men, and the topic treated is "The Christian Life and its Duties."

The course of lectures prepared by the Church Club for 1892 are to be delivered in the new church of Zion and St. Timothy, on W. 57th st., in place of Trinity chapel, as hitherto. The general subject of the course is "The Church's Ministry of Grace," and the topics and lecturers are as follows: Sunday, April 24th, 8 P. M, subject, "Baptism," the Rev. W. Clark, M.A., LL. D., professor of Mental and Moral Philosophy in Trinity College, Toronto, Canada; Sunday, May 1st, 8 P. M., subject, "The Lord's Supper," the Rev. G. McClellan Fiske, D. D., of Providence, R.I.; Sunday, May 8th, 8 P.M., subject, "Confirmation," the Very Rev. Wilford L. Robbins, D. D., dean of All Saints' cathedral, Albany, N. Y; Sunday, May 15th, 8 P. M., subject, "Holy Orders," the Rt. Rev. A.C. Garrett, D.D., LL.D., Bishop of Northern Texas; Sunday, May 22nd, 8 P. M., subject, "Holy Matrimony, Penance, and Unction," the Rt. Rev. C. C. Grafton, D. D., S. T. D., Bishop of Fond du Lac.

ANNANDALE.—The new dormitory of St. Stephen's College, called Hoffman Hall, was formally opened the first week in Lent. This has led to extensive changes in the student drawing for rooms. The new building is built of Ulster County blue-stone, trimmed with Ohio sandstone, the interior finish being in oak. A committee of the trustees appointed to select names for the remaining college dormitories, have named them Aspinwall Hall, McVickar Hall, and Potter Hall. In consequence of the fact that the new system of drainage which has been laid for the college buildings, has been carried over the old ball field, new athletic grounds have been procured, through the action of the warden. The new tract is in the rear of the present bowling alleys and back of the site on which the gymnasium is to be erected. It will be put in order, levelled, and properly fitted out. The second of the Lenten sermons was preached in the college chapel, Thursday evening, March 10th, by the Rev. W. S. Langford, D. D. The nomination of a candidate for the new chair in Greek endowed by the Rev. Dr. Charles Hoffman, has been given to the Society for Promoting Religion and Learning. The society has nominated Chas. H. Young, a graduate and tutor of Columbia College, who is now in Athens, Greece, engaged in archæological work.

MATTEAWAN.—A successful Mission has just been held by the Rev. Kenneth Mackenzie, Jr., of the Parochial Missions Society, at the little chapel at Mountain mission of St. Luke's church. Great interest was shown by the humble people of that locality who seem to have been aroused to new spiritual life.

SOUTHERN OHIO.

BOYD VINCENT, S.T.D., Bishop.

THE BISHOP'S VISITATIONS.

MARCH.

27. St. Peter's, Delaware.
30. P. M., Christ, Springfield.
31. P. M., Heavenly Rest, Springfield.

APRIL.

3. A. M., Trinity, Newark.
6. P. M., Good Shepherd. Columbus.
8. P. M, Holy Trinity, Hartwell.
10. A. M., Christ, Cincinnati; P. M., annual meeting C. M. S.
12. Diocesan Missionary Committee.
13. P. M., St. Philip's, Northside, Cincinnati.
17. A. M., Christ, Dayton; P M., St. Andrew's.
24. A. M., St. Luke's, Cincinnati; P. M., Our Saviour.
27. P. M., Grace, Avondale.
28. P. M., St. Mary's, Hillsboro.

MAY.

1. A. M., St. Paul's, Cincinnati; P M., Epiphany.
4. P. M., St. Stephen's, Winton Place.
8. A. M., Resurrection, Fern Bank; P. M., Atonement, Riverside.
11—13. Diocesan Convention, Chillicothe.
15. A. M., Holy Trinity, Madisonville; P. M., St. Mark's, Oakley.
22. A. M., Christ, Xenia; P. M., Christ, Yellow Springs.
26. A. M., Calvary, Clifton.
29. A. M., St. James', Zanesville.

JUNE.

5. A. M., Advent, Walnut Hills.
6. Executive Committee City Missions.
19. A. M., St. Thomas', Milford.
26. Gambier.
30. A. M., Kenyon Commencement; P. M., meeting Board of Trustees.

Some of these appointments are still subject to modification.

NEW JERSEY.

JOHN SCARBOROUGH, D.D., Bishop.

The meeting of the Convocation of Burlington at St. Thomas' church, Glassboro, on March 1st, notwithstanding the inclement weather, was attended by a number of clerical and lay delegates. After celebration of the Holy Communion and sermon by the Rev. W. Matthias, the business session was held at which reports were made by the treasurer and executive committee. The death of the Rev. Dr. Garrison was announced by the Bishop, and a committee appointed to draft a memorial minute in reference to the same. At the afternoon session, Christ church, Millville, was chosen as the place of next meeting on June 7th, for which the Rev. T. F. Milby was appointed the preacher, with the Rev. R. G. Moses, alternate. The essay by the Rev. J. W. Smith on the "True Policy of the Diocesan Missions", will be read at the same time, having been postponed on account of an early adjournment. The rural dean read an interesting report of the work done by the missions of the convocation.

LONG ISLAND.

ABRAM N. LITTLEJOHN, D. D., LL.D., Bishop.

BROOKLYN.—At St Peter's church, the Rev. Lindsay Parker preached on Wednesday evening, March 16th, on "How to hear sermons."

At All Saints' church, the Rev. Melville Boyd, rector, the subject of afternoon services during the past week was "The seven spiritual acts of mercy." The lecture on Friday evening was on "Self denial."

At St. Thomas's church, the Rev. James Clarence Jones, Ph.D., rector, is preaching a special course of Lenten Sunday night sermons on "The necessity of definiteness in religion."

On the evening of the second Sunday in Lent, the Rev. Chas. R. Baker delivered at the church of the Messiah, in his course on "Christian Belief," a sermon on "What in modern phrase is meant by the Holy Ghost."

On the evening of the second Sunday in Lent was held the monthly musical service at St. George's church. The rector preached on the theme, "St. Clemens of Alexandria, the Greek Thinker." The anthems were from the compositions of Gounod: "Come unto Him," "Gallia," and "Faint and worn" from *Mors et Vita*.

The Rev. Henry C. Swentzel of Scranton, has accepted the rectorship of St. Luke's church which offers him a much larger field of usefulness than that he now occupies.

On the evening of the second Sunday in Lent, the Rev. W. M. Geer, of St. Paul's chapel, Trinity parish, New York, was the special preacher at St. Mark's church. On Friday night, Mr. R. Fulton Cutting delivered the address.

GLEN COVE.—A movement is on foot to erect a memorial in St. Paul's church to the late Ven. John C. Middleton, D. D., archdeacon of Queens, and for many years the loved and successful rector of the parish.

RICHMOND HILL.—The Rev. Arthur Sloan, rector of the church of the Resurrection, on the Friday evenings from Epiphany to Lent, delivered a most interesting course of lectures on the book of Acts, dwelling particularly upon the lives and work of the Apostles Peter and Paul. On the Wednesday evenings in Lent he is lecturing upon the epistles to the seven churches in Asia. He has great facility of speech and aptness in teaching. He is much beloved, and the congregations are increasingly large.

WEST MISSOURI.

EDWARD R. ATWILL, D.D., Bishop.

BOONVILLE.—Bishop Atwill made his second visitation to Christ church, on Wednesday, March 9th, the Rev. H. Mackay, rector, and confirmed 10 persons. A very large congregation was present. Boonville is an old, handsome town on the south bank of the Missouri; population, 4,400. Grace parish is the weakest in number, and perhaps in means. Its present rector took charge less than two years ago; 24 candidates were confirmed in 20 months. The Sunday school needs a new library.

KANSAS CITY.—A very large congregation attended the special service at Trinity church on the occasion of the inauguration of the vested choir, March 13th. The service was choral. Bishop Atwill preached the sermon. After the sermon, the rector, the Rev. Robert Talbot, received eight young men into the Brotherhood of St. Andrew. The choir just inaugurated consists of 40 men and boys and 12 ladies.

SPRINGFIELD.

GEORGE F. SEYMOUR, S. T. D., LL.D., Bishop.

Summary of diocesan statistics: Clergy: Bishop 1, priests 38, deacons 6, total 45; ordinations, (deacons 3, priests 2), 5; candidates for Holy Orders, 5; parishes and missions, 62; diocesan institutions, 5; churches and chapels, 46; schools, 4; Baptisms, (infants 231, adults 108), 339; confirmed, 205; communicants, 3,510; marriages, 63; burials, 154; Sunday schools—teachers and scholars, 1,858; total offerings, $41,661.03.

GEORGIA.

CLELAND K. NELSON, D.D., Bishop.

THE BISHOP'S APPOINTMENTS.

MARCH.

25. Appleton Church Home, A.M.; St. John's, East Macon, P. M.
27. Macon: Christ church, A. M.; St. Barnabas', P. M.; St. Paul's, evening.
28. Jonesboro. 29. Griffin.
31. St. Simon's Island.

APRIL.

1. Darien, St. Andrew's; St. Cyprian's.
2. Baysden's Bluff, 11 A M.
3. Brunswick: St. Mark's, A.M.; St. Jude's, P.M.; St. Athanasius', evening.
4. Satilla Bluff, 7:30 P.M.
5. Bridge Hammock, 4 P.M.; St. Mary's, 7:30 P.M.
6. Owen's Ferry, 11 A.M.; Bailey's Mills, 7:30 P.M.
10. Albany, A.M.; Americus, P.M.
11. Smithville. 13. Rome, St. Peter's.
17. Atlanta: St. Philip's, A.M.; St. Paul's, P.M.; St. Luke's, evening.
18. Atlanta: office hours, 10-1 daily.
22. Waynesboro, St. John's.
24. Savannah: Christ church, A.M.; St. Stephen's P.M.; St. Matthew's, evening.
25. St. Augustine's, Guyton.
27. Pooler.
28. Chatham county: St. Mark's, A. M.; St. Bartholomew's, P.M.
29. Sylvania.

MAY.

1. Augusta: St. Paul's, A. M.; Atonement, P. M.; Good Shepherd, evening.
2. Talbotton. 3. La Grange, St. Mark's.
4. West Point. 5. Newnan, St. Paul's.
6. Fort Valley.
8. Dalton, St Mark's, A.M.; Kingston, evening.
11-15. Columbus. 22. Athens.
29. Cave Spring, A. M.; Tallapoosa, evening.

JUNE.

5. Marietta, St. James'.
12. Grovetown, Heavenly Rest.
19. Cartersville, Ascension, A.M.; Cedartown, St. James', evening.
24. Washington.
26. Madison, A.M.; Greensboro, P. M.

JULY.

3. Mt. Airy, A.M.; Tallula Falls, P.M.
4. Clarksville. 5. Gainesville.
31. Sewanee, commencement sermon.

Bishop Nelson made his first visitation at Waycross on Sunday, March 6th. He preached in the morning from Gen. xxviii: 10, and afterward consecrated Grace church. In the afternoon, with about 20 of the Church people of Waycross he went down to Blackshear, preached from Hebrews vi: 1, 2, and confirmed two adults. In the evening he preached from II Cor. vi: 1, 2, and confirmed nine, seven being adults, at Waycross. The Bishop's sermons were extempore, and were delivered with great force and earnestness. At Blackshear the majority of his congregation never before attended a Church service, and this visit will do much to strengthen and help the Church.

A reception was given the Bishop Saturday night at Grace church rectory which was largely attended by the citizens generally, without regard to creed, and the unanimous opinion at Waycross is that Georgia chose wisely when they selected Bishop Nelson as their head. He is not only a great preacher, but he has that warm, genial nature that makes friends for himself and the Church wherever he goes.

The Rev. J. R. Bicknell is in charge of the work at and around Waycross. It has grown wonderfully under his care and faithful ministrations.

The Bishop returned to Atlanta Monday. On Wednesday night he talked at a meeting of the Boys' Club to about 80 newsboys and working lads. A great many older people were present. It was a splendid opportunity, and the Bishop was at his best. His lecture was based upon truth, and was just such a talk as would catch a boy. After the benediction the Bishop sang several songs for the boys, among which was "Home, Sweet Home." The boys came forward for a word, and when he bade them good-night, they made him promise to come again.

WESTERN NEW YORK.

ARTHUR CLEVELAND COXE, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.

A chapter of the "Daughters of the King," to be called "The Bishop Coxe Chapter of St. Luke's, Attica, N. Y.," was formed in that parish on the feast of the Purification, with a membership of seven. The chapter has been much indebted to the generosity of Mrs. F. A. Peck, of New Haven, Conn., to whose interest and encouragement it owes its existence.

OHIO.

WILLIAM A LEONARD, D.D., Bishop.

At Grace church, Cleveland, on Sunday, March 6th, Bishop Leonard administered Confirmation to three deaf-mutes at St. Agnes' Deaf-mute Mission, of which the Rev. A. W. Mann is pastor.

SOUTH CLEVELAND.—On the morning of Quinquagesima Sunday, the new Grace church was consecrated by Bishop Leonard. About 18 years ago the parish was organized in the midst of the iron manufactories at Newburgh, as it was then called. From industrial depression, and other causes, the life of the parish has been at a very low ebb, but Bishop Leomard infused into the parish an earnest desire to become self-supporting, and he found in the Rev. George D. Adams just the man needed for rector. To Mr. and Mrs. Adams is due, more than to any other one element, that the people have responded so nobly, and that their beautiful new church now stands an accomplished fact. About a year and a half ago, one of the Cleveland parishes offered to give $2,500 to ward a new church building at Newburgh, provided the parish there should, within 18 months, erect a building to cost at least $5,000, and to be free from debt. The results of this offer have been most satisfactory. Mr. Adams has been indefatigable in his labors, and he has been able to inspire others with his enthusiasm. The people have come nobly to his assistance. The building has cost $8,500. The style of architecture is early Gothic. The basement is of sandstone, the walls above of selected red brick, in red mortar, with rock-faced stone trimmings The windows are set with cathedral glass. The roof is open timbered, and finished in natural wood paneling. Ample provision is made for organ-loft, robing-room, vestibules, and all the various appointments that constitute a convenient church building. The nave contains nearly 400 sittings

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA.

JOHN H. D. WINGFIELD, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.

The Convocation of Southern California, composed of clerical and lay delegates met at All Saints' church, Pasadena, Wednesday, Feb. 10th. Holy Communion was celebrated and a sermon was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Adams. At the business session the next day, reports were presented on the revision of the by-laws of the convocation. The committee's majority report was antagonized by a minority report offered and strongly urged by the Rev. Mr. Haskins who said that the body was bound by too many rules and that its work could be better done by fewer restrictions. The minority report was opposed by the Rev. Messrs. Brown, Restarick, and Tayler, who urged the necessity of the few by-laws laid down by the convocation. The majority report was adopted. Dean Trew read a report on the work of the Church in Southern California and a bright outlook was taken. The Rev. Ben-Oliel read an instructive paper on parochial organizations, and his views were strongly indorsed in the general discussion which followed. A committee was appointed to consider a proposition to establish a Sunday School Institute in Southern California. The convocation adjourned to meet in Santa Monica for a summer session, after passing a vote of thanks to the ladies of Pasadena, who served a nice lunch in the vestry on Wednesday and Thursday.

The Bishop of Chicago was in Los Angeles the fifth Sunday after Epiphany, and preached and celebrated at St. John's, much to the edification of the priest and the large congregation present.

CENTRAL NEW YORK.

F. D. HUNTINGTON, S.T.D., LL.D., Bishop.

ELMIRA.—A very fully occupied Lent is the rule of Grace parish during the present season of penitence and prayer. The Holy Eucharist is celebrated daily at 7 o'clock, with a second Celebration on Thursdays and during Holy Week, except Good Friday. The choir offices are recited daily and daily instructions given. A special sermon is given to non-church-going people on Wednesdays, and a series of meditations on the Creed and on Scriptural silences completes the pulpit work of this Lent. The Guild of All Saints' and the Guild of St. Agnes are doing good work, and a chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew is about to be organized. On Easter Day (D. V.), a beautiful chalice of gold and silver will be blessed and used for the first time. It is hoped that, after Easter, the work of building a new church edifice will be successfully prosecuted.

MILWAUKEE.

ISAAC L. NICHOLSON, D. D., Bishop.

CITY.—The ordination of the Rev. Geo. W. Lamb to the priesthood, at the cathedral, mentioned in another column, was an occurrence of much interest, arising from the fact that Mr. Lamb had been since childhood a member of the cathedral congregation, having served as chorister and crucifer, and later as lay reader under the Rev. Dr. Wright, at St. Luke's church, Bay View, Milwaukee, and as deacon in charge of the same mission. Mr. Lamb will continue as priest in the same field.

Bishop Nicholson's Sunday evening addresses at the cathedral are attracting much notice. These take the form of character studies, respectively, of Dr. Pusey, Canon Liddon, Bishop Lightfoot, Robert Brett, Dr. Littledale, and Dr. Neale.

Services at St. Stephen's, the new parish on the West side, are well attended. A chapter of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew has been formed. The rector of St. Stephen's is the Rev. A. A. W. Hastings, formerly of Detroit.

EAU CLAIRE.—A most remarkable eight days' Mission nas just been conducted in Christ church, the Rev C. A. Cummings, rector, by Archdeacon Webber. The eloquence and love of this gifted priest melted all hearts.

PENNSYLVANIA.

OZI W. WHITAKER, D.D., Bishop.

PHILADELPHIA.—At the French church of St. Sauveur, the Rev. Dr. Miel, rector, at the afternoon service of the second Sunday in Lent, Bishop Whitaker administered the right of Confirmation, and received into "the Communion of the Catholic Church" 22 persons—12 men and 10 women, all Europeans except one, an Egyptian, and none of whom had been raised in the faith of the Church. In spite of the stormy weather, the edifice was filled, almost exclusively with foreigners, many of whom had come from great distances, thus testifying by their presence and attention, their deep interest in the work and ceremony. As has been stated in a former issue, St. Sauveur is one of the most unique congregations in the world; for perhaps no other church in existence can boast of such a remarkable range of diverse nationalities embraced in its membership. Every European nation is represented on its register; and not only Europe, but Asia, and now Africa in the person of an Egyptian (who is a scholarly antiquarian, linguist and Orientalist), are attendants upon the services. To all the foreigners, French is a language in common.

The Rev. Father Huntington on the 2nd Sunday in Lent preached both morning and evening at the memorial church of the Holy Comforter, the Rev. Stewart Stone, rector, and also addressed the children in the afternoon. The services of the day were a memorial of the Mission which he held in the parish last Lent.

On the following day Father Huntington commenced his week of preaching to business men at St. Paul's mission church. He did not name any text but spoke about the general duties of their life, and what they should be in relation to Christianity.

The principal event of the week was the dedication of the memorial parish building of the memorial chapel of the Holy Communion which took place on Tuesday evening, 15th inst. The beautiful and commodious edifice was handsomely decorated throughout with palms, lilies, and other flowers. At 8 P. M. Bishop Whitaker entered the large room on the

second floor, reciting the versicles with the clergy. The Psalter was read by the Rev. H. S. Getz, the Creed and Lord's Prayer by the Rev. Stewart Stone, and the collects by the Bishop. The Rev. W. F. Ayer, priest in charge of the memorial chapel of the Holy Communion, read a statement of its organization and work, which latter was commenced on Sunday, Sept. 26, 1886, in a room in McFadden's hall at Carpenter st. and Gray's Ferry road, where a Sunday School was organized with five teachers and 26 scholars. On Jan. 26, 1888, the memorial chapel was formally opened, having been "erected by a grateful father to the glory of God, and in humble acknowledgement of His sparing mercy with a sick child on the great deep." From that time to the present, the various branches of Church work have been zealously carried on. There are now enrolled 391 scholars in the Sunday School, and 25 officers and teachers. Hymn 171 was followed by the presentation of the memorial building—on behalf of himself and wife—by Mr. George C. Thomas to the corporation of the church of the Holy Apostles. The building was formally accepted by the Rev. Dr. C. D. Cooper, rector of that church, in a feeling address. The Rev. Drs. S. E. Appleton and W. N. McVickar also made short addresses. The last speaker was Bishop Whitaker. The Rev. Dr. Miel, the Rev. R. N. Thomas, and the Rev. W. B. French also took part in the service. Gadsby's anthem, "I will lay me down in peace" was sung by the choir of the church of the Holy Apostles, under the direction of Mr. George F. Bishop. The service concluded with hymn 509, "O Paradise," and the benediction by the Bishop. The exterior dimensions of the building are 40 by 80 feet, height 55 feet, to the apex of the roof; it is constructed of brick, the facing being of gray brick, the arches and ornamental spandrils of red brick, the sills and trimmings of Indiana limestone, making an effective and harmonious combination. The building is two stories with a basement, and in this latter, provision is made for a gymnasium 20 by 35 feet, toilet rooms, kitchen, and pantry; also for the heating apparatus, storage of coal, etc. The first floor, elevated four steps above the pavement, provides accommodation for a secretary's room, 11 by 17 feet, library, 11 by 20, communicating by sliding doors, a lecture room and a guild room, each 18 feet by 20, which can be thrown into one large room by opening large sliding doors. Adjoining these last named rooms is the infants' school room, 31 by 36 feet, with a separate entrance and vestibule from the side street. The main entrance, through a porch 8 by 10 feet, connects with the main hall in which are two staircases leading to the second story which is used as the Sunday school room, 36 by 54 feet, having at one end a raised platform 13 feet wide; on one side of this platform is a retiring room, while opposite is the stairway hall affording communication with the outside, independent of the main stairway entrance. At the opposite end of the Sunday School room, Bible class rooms are arranged in gallery form, with curtained divisions between, and when required these can be drawn, so as to open up the class rooms to the school room below. The wall surfaces throughout on the inside are lined up with red brick, with ornamental patterns in buff, no plaster being used. The ceilings throughout are of pine, varnished, those on the first floor framed in narrow panels, while that of the Sunday School room is formed with open timber construction. The windows are glazed with cathedral glass, in harmonious tints and appropriate patterns. All the finished woodwork, doors, etc., are varnished, no paint being used. The style of architecture is based on the early English Gothic. The memorial tablet in the vestibule bears the following inscription:

"To the glory of God, and in most loving remembrance of John William Thomas and Joel Barlow Moorhead. This building has been erected by their children, George C. and Ada E. Moorhead Thomas., A. D. 1891. The memory of the just is blessed."

Both of these were earnest Churchmen in their day and generation, being respectively vestrymen of St. Paul, and Holy Trinity, and both instrumental in the founding of St. Paul's church, Cheltenham, Pa.

A "Church Club" is the outcome of the appointment of chaplains at the University of Pennsylvania. Owing to the sickness of the Rev. Dr. Montimer, he was unable to preach on Wednesday, 16th inst., but the Rev. John M. Davenport officiated in his stead, and discoursed on the meaning of Lent in our own lives. The church of the Transfiguration, where this service was held, was filled by the students. The Bishop of Delaware is expected to address the students on the 23d inst.

A special Lenten service, under the auspices of the local council of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew, of the diocese, was held at the church of the Incarnation, the Rev. Dr. Newlin, rector, on the 17th inst. The Rev. Father Huntington delivered an ess

A tower is to be erected on St. Luke's church, Germantown, 20 feet square, of stone, four stories high above the one-story church.

The contract for building the outer or aisle walls of the G. W. South Memorial church of the Advocate, was signed on Jan. 8th, and the work was to have been begun on the 15th inst, but the weather has been unfit for laying stone.

The will of Anna M. Hirneisen, probated on the 17th inst., contains the following bequests: To the Rt. Rev. Dr. Whipple, of Minnesota, or his successor, a 7 per cent. registered $1,000 Lehigh Valley railroad bond, to be used for the benefit of that diocese; to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Tuttle, or his successor, of the Utah and Idaho mission, $1,000 for the benefit of the mission or diocese; and to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Morris, of the Oregon mission, or his successor, $300 to be expended in that region.

The fruits of the Mission recently preached at St. Simeon's memorial church, the Rev. Edgar Cope, rector, were manifest in the large class, numbering 106 persons, who received Confirmation at the hands of Bishop Whitaker, on Wednesday evening, 16th inst. Several others will be presented at other churches, sickness preventing their receiving the rite. In less than five years, 419 have been confirmed at this church.

Fr. Davenport of St. Clement's parish has recovered from his severe attack of grip, and is entering with zeal into the Lenten work of the Church. He has been very fortunate in associating with himself the Rev. A. B. Sharpe, who has until recently carried on an important work in Luton, Eng. Fr. Sharpe is preaching a special course of sermons at St. Clement's during Lent, which are attracting much attention; subject, "Christ our Example." On Passion Sunday a Retreat will be held for men by the Rev. A. J. Arnold. A three days' Retreat was given immediately before Lent at the All Saints' Sisterhood, (connected with St. Clement's parish), for their "outer sisters," and conducted by the Rev. A. B. Sharpe. Those who were so fortunate as to be present speak most warmly of the help and inspiration gained during those days of seclusion, and of the wise and judicious counsel it was their privilege to hear. On Wednesdays, during Lent, the rector is delivering a course of sermons on the Lord's Prayer, and on Thursdays the Rev. P. Owen-Jones gives a course on "Sin and its Consequences."

On Sunday evening, March 13th, the Girls, Friendly Society, of St. Mark's church, Frankford, held its sixth anniversary services. The Rev. G. F. Burton preached a sermon upon the character and mission of Queen Esther. The rector, the Rev. F. Burt Avery, chaplain of the order, read the report. Since its organization, with an enrolment of 14 members and one associate, there has been a rapid increase in numbers, until now, the total membership amounts to 356, of whom 12 are honorary associates, 17 working associates, 175 senior members, 141 junior members, and 11 candidates. The receipts during the year amounted to $486.64. The expenditures and distributions aggregate $477.50. The society is now co-operating with the church to augment the Parish Building Fund. The regular meetings on Tuesday evenings are of a social nature. A programme is arranged calculated to encourage literary and musical culture. The first Tuesday in each month is set apart as a "missionary evening," when different nationalities and religions are studied, together with the difficulties and encouragements of Christian missionaries on the various mission fields. Objects for work and methods are also considered. A large class has been successfully employed in the art of dressmaking, under the able management of one of the working associates.

MINNESOTA.

HENRY B. WHIPPLE, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.
MAHLON N. GILBERT, D.D., Ass't Bishop.

ST. PAUL.—The Rev. H. S. Clapp has been appointed assistant priest at Christ church, and has already entered upon his duties. The parishioners of Christ church tendered him a reception just before Lent.

The parishioners of St. John the Evangelist tendered their new rector, the Rev. Y. P. Morgan, a reception at Hotel Aberdeen, Shrove Tuesday evening; the reception was largely attended and a pleasant evening spent.

The Rev. Stuart B. Purves entered upon his duties as rector of St. Peter's church on the 2nd Sunday in Lent; he announced his intention of establishing an early celebration of the Holy Eucharist every Sunday, as has been his custom ever since his ordination to the priesthood. On St. Patrick's evening an informal reception was tendered him in order to become personally acquainted with his flock. He has taken up his residence next door to the church. The vestry left the appointment entirely in the hands of Bishop Gilbert, and feel satisfied already that he has sent the right man for the place

The Rev. Dr. Bill did not accompany Bishop Gilbert to Florida, as announced in a former issue of THE LIVING CHURCH; owing to ill health his physician recommended him to spend a period in California, and he started for that place March 3rd. It is sincerely hoped the Dr. will return much improved in health by the trip.

The Rev. W. P. Ten Broeck of LaCrosse, Wis., has just concluded a series of Mission services at St. James' church, ably assisted by the rector, the Rev. C. E. Haupt. The outcome has been very gratifying.

The clericus has just issued the 150th thousand of that interesting tract, "The Church and her Ways."

Bishop Gilbert urgently requests the churches throughout the diocese to give their offerings, Good Friday evening, to Seabury Divinity School, Faribault. The school was never in a better condition, but over and above the income from endowment, $1,000 is required to meet expenses. The new warden is proving the man for the place.

NORTHFIELD.—The Rev. Messrs. Graham, Pullen, and Andrews, have just closed a week's Mission at All Saints' church. There was a lively interest manifested from the beginning, and constantly increasing attendance until it closed. The parish has been quickened into new life.

RUSH CITY.—The Rev. Messrs. Pullen and Fortin held a series of Mission services in this neighborhood, and infused new life wherever they went.

MASSACHUSETTS.

PHILLIPS BROOKS, D. D., Bishop.

BOSTON.—Before the Clerical Association, on March 14th, Joseph A. Woods, in charge of the Andover House on Rollins st., described the new enterprise and its future prospects in this city. The clergy afterwards discussed the matter, some approving of it, while others thought that the work undertaken by it, could just as well be superintended by the parishes or churches without the starting of any new scheme.

The Litany is sung in procession every Wednesday, at the church of the Advent. The Rev. Dr. Gushee, the Rev. Messrs. Charles J. Ketchum, Henry A. Parker, and Nathan K. Bishop are the preachers at the Lenten services. The rector's study has been remodelled by the ladies of the parish, and was designed to bear a striking resemblance to an old painting of St. Jerome's study.

NORTHAMPTON.—The new St. John's will be the gift of George B. Bliss, of New York, and will cost $100,000. The contract has been awarded to Norcross Bros., of Worcester. The edifice will be completed by Christmas, 1892, and the corner-stone will be laid on May 25th.

AUBURNDALE.—Preparations are being made to enlarge the present church of the Messiah, which is growing under the rectorship of the Rev. John Matteson.

MICHIGAN.

THOMAS F. DAVIES. D.D., LL.D., Bishop.

The members and friends of the mission at Grass Lake, have been much encouraged by recent gifts and promises of help in their brave effort to secure a chapel. An admirable site has been chosen in the heart of the village, and paid for, and as soon as the frost is out of the ground, the building will be begun. It is expected that the chapel will be consecrated the latter part of June.

An earnest effort, and one which will undoubtedly be entirely successful, is being made to relieve St. Luke's church, Ypsilanti, of a floating debt which the parish has for some time carried. It is hoped that a church house may be soon built on the beautiful lot owned by the parish, adjoining the church. The sum of $1,500 is already in hand for this purpose.

In the mission at Belleville, which is in charge of the rector of St. Luke's, Ypsilanti, a branch of the Woman's Auxiliary was organized on March 16th.

VIRGINIA.

FRANCIS MCN. WHITTLE, D.D., LL.D., Bishop.
ALFRED MAGILL RANDOLPH, D.D., Ass't Bishop.

APRIL.

1. Bristol.
2. Glade Spring, Washington Co.
3. A.M., Abingdon; P.M., Mountain chapel.
4. Wytheville. 5. Pulaski City.
6. Radford.
9. Green Spring, Albemarle.
10. A.M., Grace church, Albemarle; P.M., Charlottesville.
12. P.M., St. Mark's, Richmond.
13. P.M., Emmanuel, Henrico Co.
14. P.M., Moore Mem, Richmond.
15. P.M., Monumental, Richmond.
16. P.M., Grace church, Richmond.
17. A.M., St Paul's, Richmond; P.M., All Saints', Richmond.
19. P.M., St. Thomas', Berkeley.
20. A.M., consecration of St. Thomas'; P.M., Williamsburg.
22. P.M., Grace church, Alexandria.
23. P.M., chapel Theological Seminary.
24. A.M., St. Paul's, Alexandria; P.M., Christ church, Alexandria.
29. Millwood. 30. Berryville.

MAY.

1. A.M., Winchester; P.M., Middletown.
2. P.M., Front Royal. 3. Woodstock.
4. Mount Jackson. 5. Harrisonburg.
6. Staunton. 8. Lexington.
10. St. Stephen's, Petersburg.
11. A.M., Blackstone; P.M., Crewe, Nottoway Co
12. Nottoway Court House.
13. P.M., West Point.
15. A.M., St. James', Richmond; P.M., St. Andrew's, Richmond.

Offerings for the Education Society.

VERMONT.

WM. HENRY A. BISSELL, D.D., Bishop.

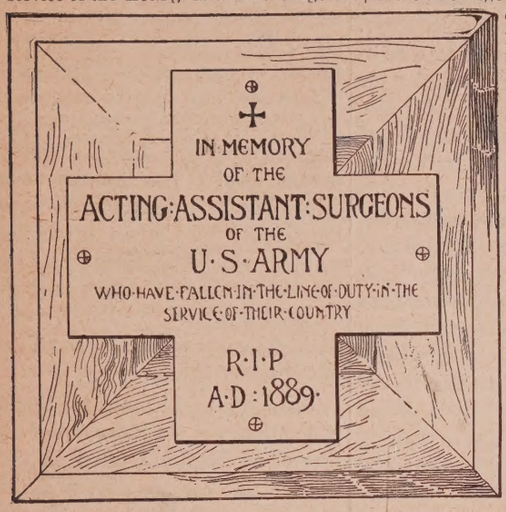
ARLINGTON.—The warden and vestry of St. James' parish have accepted the gift of the Elmore house as a rectory, with hearty and sincere gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Burdette and Mr. John Burdette, the public-spirited persons who have been so generous to the parish, and who have left a monument of their affection for it which will long remain. When the new building is sold and the money applied to wards liquidating the debts upon the parish, and improving that which is now St. James' rectory, every one will rejoice.

It is intended during Lent to make a brief study of the Book of Daniel, inasmuch as the greater portion of the book is used for Lessons on Sunday nights.

LETHEL.—The first chapter of "The Daughters of the King," organized in the diocese, was recently formed by ladies of Christ church. It is called the "Bishop Bissell Chapter" in honor of the venerated Bishop of the diocese.

MEMORIAL TABLET OF THE ACTING ASST. SURGEONS, U. S. A.

Those familiar with the history of the medical department of the army, for the past twenty or thirty years, will readily bear witness to the faithful and intelligent service of the Acting Assistant Surgeons. In fort and in camp, on the long overland expedition, on the battlefield or ministering to the needs of the wounded, whether in the Civil or in the Indian wars, these men have done their duty faithfully. Many distinguished medical men have been Acting Assistant Surgeons. Some of them have never returned since they left their homes, in the discharge of their duty. Death has come to them at their posts, while in harness. They have fallen in battle or have perished from wounds or sickness incurred in the line of duty.



In honor of these brave and devoted men, the Association of Acting Assistant Surgeons has supplied a memorial mural tablet to be placed in the beautiful chapel at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Messrs. J. & R. Lamb of New York have made this, with their usual care and attention. The cross is of solid brass with chiseled lettering. The panel is of oak. It is a worthy memorial of the honored dead. "May the souls of the faithful rest in peace." Amen.

HIGH CASTE WIDOWS IN INDIA.

The wife of a day laborer in Philadelphia was looking at a photograph of a Hindu family I had brought from India. After a long study of it, she broke the silence with, "No button holes to tear out and make work; and no stockings to darn! I wish I was a Hindu woman!" She had no idea of the great wrongs they have to endure. The two chief ones are child marriages and the treatment of high caste widows. A few years ago there would have been two other counts in the indictment, the practice of strangling many of their daughters as soon as they were born, and that of burning some widows on the funeral piles of their husbands. But the census shows the former to have almost or wholly been stopped; while the latter is absolutely ended in British India and the native states under its protection. But although the law even now allows the re-marriage of all Hindu widows, it is practically a dead letter. One or two of high caste may do so each year; "but what are they among so many." Such a step even yet makes her forfeit whatever property she may have from her first husband. Religion, law, and custom offer no hindrance to the marriage of low caste widows. But the mere prohibition of a second union is not the only load the high caste widows must carry.

In two particulars Hindu marriage usages increase the number of widows over what we would expect to find. One is child marriage, when the groom is so young as to be exposed to the high death rate of the earlier years of life. The first night I was in Bombay I met one of their wedding processions. Tom-toms were beating, and other shrill unmusical sounds "making night hideous;" men were carrying torches, and ugly nondescript ornaments or idols in honor of the groom—a boy of about six or seven held on a horse by (I suppose) his father. If that child should die, the girl who was no doubt left with her father would be a widow, subject all her life to the laws and customs regulating widows of her caste. If he live, at eleven she would go to his home and become the household drudge, practically the slave of her mother-in-law, until her oldest son was born (daughters do not count) when she would have much more freedom and influence in the house and family. It "goes without saying" that these child marriages have left their mark on the constitution of the race, being the chief reason for both the low vitality of the children and the fact that at middle life (as it would be here) the parents are aged.

A medical friend informs me on the authority of a number of physicians practicing in India that the common impression of the early maturity of women there is such a gross exaggeration as to be a popular error. The educated Hindu does not deny the physical evils of the custom; but urges in defense some other considerations, which I will give, because books of travel so often attack India's ways by mere abuse or ridicule, as to give readers the idea that there is absolutely nothing to be said on the other side. For child marriages they urge two reasons, to increase happiness of the married and to obey their religion. Thus:—"We do not select our wives any more than we select our parents or our brothers and sisters. We wish to regard all alike as the gifts of Providence to us. We think if husband and wife grow up together they will soon forget that they ever were unmarried, and their mutual love will be as natural and inevitable as the affection of brothers and sisters. So we look for a greater chance of happiness in this life. We are quite ready to compare results with the West in this matter. Divorce is sure to result from your practice of letting people select for themselves. We have no divorce, and none of us wish for it. Besides, we believe that boys who die unmarried usually become *Munjas*, the worst, most mischievous of ghosts, hardest to lay, haunting parents and other survivors to make their lives miserable; and also delaying the reception of the dead into heaven, and their final absorption into deity. You go into any village in North Gujurant and the usual ghost is a daughter who died unmarried." How many readers agree with them that early marriages are thus likely to increase the chances of a happy life?

The second custom which abnormally swells the number of high caste widows is the practice of marrying them to old men, when there are none of a suitable age at hand. To be a professional "marrying man" is, I understand, a fairly lucrative business, a most eminently respectable one and not very laborious. Possibly, a parallel might be found in the United States; only it is not yet considered an occupation or calling. The Indian one is of high caste, of unexceptionable pedigree, who travels the circuit of villages to marry, for a consideration, such daughters of his customers as will bring him a suitable dowry. So the old man comes to have a large number of child or infant brides whose faces he does not know, and whom he only sees once in his lifetime; but when he dies all become widows.

"What is the life of a Brahmin widow?" Let me condense the particulars given by Sir William Hunter, and also by R. Raghumath Rao Bahadur, once Divan of Indore, so that it will give you what a Christian government official and a Hindu statesman agree on, as distinctive of a high caste widow's life and treatment.

Suppose she is married and widowed, say, under, three years of age; she will, of course, try to play with other children, which is all right so long as they are alone; but should any one older see them, the little widow must be carried off by force and punished to keep her away, for she will bring misfortune and ill-luck to the others. It is a bad omen to have her at any festivity. She must stay away.

As she grows up, she finds that no jewelry is given her to wear; she cannot use the marks on her forehead her sister can Why? These are called "spirit-scareing, and will keep away ghosts. She can't have them because she has a spirit husband and she must do nothing to prevent him coming to her, if he wishes. Poor child, she only knows that all the pretty things go to the others, and should she join in their play or not with them, she is punished.

After a while the Brahmin, who acts as a sort of domestic chaplain to the family, visits them, the hair of her head is all shaved off, she is dressed in penitential white, and taken to him to be branded as a widow; or initiated into some religious mysteries, when she begins the life of a widow *woman*. Henceforth she must eat but one meal a day, must fast rigorously once in two weeks (sometimes going seventy-two hours without food), no matter how weak her health may be. Should she try to ask: "Why must I?" "Because you have been bad, and made trouble between husband and wife?" "When did I? I don't remember it." "No of course not. It was in anothers life, before you were born here. And for a punishment for being so very naughty then, your husband here died and you were left a widow."

Henceforth should she ever unintentionally come before a bride or a priest, or even a man, she is liable to a torrent of abuse. Her touch is pollution. She is the household drudge without hope of escape, such as her brother's bride may have. No respectable person will be her friends; if she is to have any companions at all they will only be of the disreputable. The end is easy to foresee.

Should a dead infant be found and be unknown, the widows of the districts are the ones suspected of the murder and are arrested, when they must show their innocence or buy themselves off by bribe. But this is not enough; the religious authorities must also go into the matter, and the widows will have the costs, if not a fine too, to pay.

And yet the late prime minister of Indore says; "As it is genteel in England to keep your horse and carriage, so in India it is a sign of gentility to have a child widow in the house." To us nothing can be more indefensible. But some Hindus will smile and defend it. One had talked so freely on other matters, that I ventured to introduce this: "Why do you do it?" His reply was, "You see it is very convenient when you feel indisposed to fast, to have some one to fast for you." I did not think it worth while to pursue the matter with *him*.

But I found a pundit who would meet the issue. Here is his defence: "Our widows are not unhappy. To those educated as your western women are, and with all their ideas, the life would be trying. But, really, ours do not find it so. Some know it as a possibility always before them; they see others living so, and in time they get used to it. But you see you do not understand it. You leave out of account the motive, the spirit of the life which changes its whole aspect. The ideal Brahmin widow is a *penitent*. She believes, as we all of us do, that there have been sins in her former life, and she is to repent of those sins. She is filled with real, lasting sorrow for them, and is quite ready to fast and to spend herself in penitential works for others' good The widows are the good angels of the family, of the village, unseen themselves, yet ministering to the happiness and good of others. Some of your Christian Sisters of their own choice, so I have read, are ready to devote themselves for past sin to a penitential life. The high caste Hindu widow is the Indian counterpart of all this. You look only at the external acts and leave out the inner spirit which changes everything, giving them even a kind of happiness; you only see, too, the abuses and the exceptions rather than the normal rule."

When I urged that in his parallel the Sister's choice was voluntary, and after a trial of it, while the widow's lot was involuntary and untried; that the one was penitent for actual sins in this life, known and certain, and the other for imaginary ones, he fell back upon "the difference between the oriental and the occidental way of looking at things." When I urged that such a life required a degree of strength not usual, of elevation of character, which would only be found in saints, upheld by supernatural grace, and they were demanding it of a big class with nothing to uphold them, he merely said: "You do not know our widows." I did not credit his argument then. I do not now. Do you?

But what a field for Sisters to work in! No wonder St. John Baptists of Clewer, All Saints, St. Marys of Wantage, and St. Margarets of East Grinstead (in Ceylon) are there. No wonder Zenana missions of women are upheld—although their field of work is not limited to widows. And the folly of efforts for the elevation of widows, which profess to ignore religion! To attack the regulations of Hindu widows is to assail what is directly a religious matter. God pity the poor children, they so often are; and prosper the efforts to rescue them.

THE LENTEN FAST.

The announcement of Lent comes with different degrees of meaning to the ears which hear it. To a large part of the Christian world, it is a sacred and greatly venerated portion of the Christian year. To society, sated with the whirl of fashionable gayety, it gives a wholesome pause, allowing time for girlhood's paling cheeks to renew their roses, and for weary matrons to take breath before the renewal of receptions, parties, kettle-drums, and routs of one sort or another.

It is a good sign, betokening the approach of that fraternal spirit, which should always and everywhere be chorded to

> Blest be the tie that binds
> Our hearts in Christian love,—

that Lent is more and more coming to be regarded with cordiality, and recognized as having a sphere and office of its own in the religious economy by believers of all denominations. The most iconoclastic Presbyterian, the most enthusiastic Methodist, can join hands with Romanist and Episcopalian in this acknowledgment, viz., that it is well to have occasional seasons of profound humiliation before God on account of sin; that fasting and prayer are the outward expressions of inward humiliation, and that only in times of quiet and meditation can the soul-life grow and thrive. * * * The union of the mystic element with the active, the giving up deliberately and cheerfully a set portion of our time to communion with God, has its uses, if we would have the symmetircal, rounded, and harmonious spiritual life. In all ages the Church has considered fasting, either partial or entire, during some stated portions of time, as a distinct and efficacious means of grace. Many individuals, whose piety has been of the highest type, have practised it, finding in the mortification of the appetite a step toward God. At certain intervals, when the sudden pressure of calamity, the terrifice weight of disaster, the wild onsweep of pestilence, the defeat of splendid armies, or some agonizing apprehension of evil has made a nation panic-stricken, it has obeyed the instinct present in the race, under all skies and flags, and in every stage of historic progress, and proclaimed through its governors or kings a national fast.—*The Christian at Work.*

The Living Church.

Chicago, Saturday, March 26, 1892.

REV. C. W. LEFFINGWELL,
Editor and Proprietor.

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IT is hard to understand the attitude of mind which could lead anyone to the Church of Rome on the ground that the infallibility of the Pope gives greater security to religious truth and prevents theological controversy. Papal Infallibility was not discovered as a doctrine of the Church until 1870. It was a "view" held by some schools, denounced by others. In Keenan's Catechism the statement that it was an authoritative doctrine was repudiated as a Protestant slander. But if it was denied by many, and not certainly known by any, that the Pope was infallible, until 1870, then before that time, that is, for more than eighteen centuries, it could not be known that any decision of his was true except by argument and investigation. Before that date the Roman Catholic Church, like the Anglican, had certain criteria by which the authority of any doctrinal statement was ascertained. It is only for twenty years that the oracular method has superseded that of the Catholic Church of all ages. Can such a late invention give the mind greater certainty? Was there a new revelation from heaven in 1870?

WITH two or three exceptions, in this country, Church journalism has been a failure, and all who have attempted it have been impoverished. Is it because only one man or company, here and there, has been able to make a good Church paper? Not at all. *The Gospel Messenger* and *The American Churchman* were good papers. But they were not sustained. Their editors and publishers, fortunately, withdrew in time to save their families and their old age from the poor-house or the appeal. It is not the fault of the papers. If we are ever to be represented fairly in the religious press of this country, our people must be awakened to the importance of the work, and be induced to come forward to sustain it. They must be taught that one of the duties which they owe to the Church, as well as to themselves, is to subscribe for the papers that represent the Church and that defend it from the attacks and misrepresentation of its enemies, while at the same time they enlist the sympathy and instruct the minds of their readers in Church work, Church doctrine, and Church ways. They must be made to feel that the power and influence of the body depend to a great degree in this age, upon a popular and loyal Church press; and that, to secure this, every family must open its doors to the weekly as well as to the monthly periodical, to the general as well as to the local Church paper. A narrow policy and niggardly economy in this, is penny-wise and pound-foolish. It obstructs the Church in all its general work, denies it the only possible means of representation in the world, and belittles it in the eyes of modern civilization.

OLD FAVORITES IN A NEW LIGHT.

Many of our readers must be familiar with the charming essays published some years ago under the title of "The Recreations of a Country Parson," essays which in volume form enjoyed wide popularity on both sides of the Atlantic. They will also remember that the "Country Parson" turned out to be Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, minister of the parish church in St. Andrew's, Scotland, an eloquent preacher, a brilliant writer, and a divine broad enough in sympathy, and attractive enough in personality, to be the trusted friend of such eminent ecclesiastics as Dean Stanley, Archbishop Tait, Canon Liddon, and Charles Kingsley. When it got to be known that Dr. Boyd was engaged in preparing reminiscences of the quarter of a century he has spent in St. Andrews, the hope sprang up in many a heart that he would give to the world some interesting and valuable information about his distinguished friends. That hope has been amply realized in the first volume of Dr. Boyd's "Twenty-five years at St. Andrew's," where we have vivid pictures of their moods, words, and habits, which place old favorites in a new light before admiring readers.

St. Andrew's is a university town full of historic associations and memories which move to tears. Lovers of the stirring events of Scotland's early times go to it for the sake of what it has been. It is beautiful for situation, with wonderful outlooks on land and sea, and walks rich in pleasant surprises; so tourists flock to it in the summer months. It has celebrated links of which golfers never tire. It has, or had, literary men who not only conferred a lustre on the town of their residence, but also attracted to it other writers still more famous in literature. All who came to St. Andrew's found their way sooner or later to the genial and accomplished minister, who made them yield a contribution to his diary, which is now emptied of its treasures for the benefit of readers eager to see and hear eminent thinkers in the freedom of familiar intercourse.

Dean Stanley figures often in Dr. Boyd's pages. Wherever he went he provoked love and admiration. He was so kind and good as well as clever. We see him in the pulpit preaching sermons which thrilled crowded congregations, in the study writing letters so illegible that it was almost impossible to read them, making them still more like hieroglyphics by the forgetful habit of blotting them on the cartridge paper that covered the blotting paper instead of on the blotting paper itself, or talking with unfailing brilliancy, and among the ruins of departed glory speaking words of wistful pathos. Every light that falls upon him only serves to make him more lovable to the appreciative reader. Once when he preached in the old church to an immense gathering, he marched from the vestry to the pulpit in the splendor of black gown and bands, and with the red ribbon of the Bath order. An old woman with a huge umbrella in her hand followed him closely with loudly tramping feet. Solemnity was destroyed. A smile ran round the packed pews. Most preachers would have been annoyed and irritated, but the good old dean was delighted, declaring afterward that such a thing could not have happened except in Scotland. He preached a magnificent sermon, signalizing the occasion and the dawn of happier days by using the very collect recited by the dean of Edinburgh on that memorable Sunday in 1637, when Jenny Geddes, the herbwoman, flung her stool at his head for daring to read what she called popish rubbish in her ear.

Canon Liddon was a frequent visitor to St. Andrew's. "The ascetic-looking saint" was very friendly with Dr. Boyd, and liked his church very much, but could not be persuaded to preach in it. He did not appreciate the pulpit any more because Dean Stanley had delivered several sermons from it, although he did on one occasion give expression to the wish, "Would that the day may come when I shall be able to preach here!" But that day never came. The lofty piety, the unswerving fidelity to Church principles, and the cloistered aloofness from the world which characterized the eminent orator of St. Paul's cathedral, shine out in all Dr. Boyd's reminiscences of him.

Tait, who did so much for the organization and building up of the Church of England, used to visit St. Andrew's in the days when he was Bishop of London. He was asked on one occasion whether it was harder work to be Bishop of London, or Headmaster of Rugby School. After thinking a minute, he replied that the work was about the same, but there was one great difference. When he was Master of Rugby, he never got out of bed without saying to himself: "Now, to-day, I may make some blunder, in tact or temper, that would greatly harm Rugby School", but he knew that however foolish he might be he could not ruin the Church of England. That reflection led him to the conclusion that, on the whole, it was harder to be Master of Rugby than to be Bishop of London.

Charles Kingsley, big in brain, and big in heart, filled Dr. Boyd's study with the heartiness of his laugh, the vivacity of his talk, and the largeness of his personality. Those who think of the novelist-preacher as the iconoclastic "Parson Lot" of early days, a kind of clerical bull in a china shop, will be undeceived by Dr. Boyd's pictures of him. He always manifested profound respect for Church dignity. One day an archdeacon came to lunch with him at Dr. Boyd's house. He had spent the forenoon in strolling about St. Andrew's in the unconventional ease of a suit of tweeds, but before lunch he arrayed himself in perfect clerical attire in honor of his fellow-visitor, explaining to his host with solemn emphasis, "He's a dignitary."

Other distinguished divines, who have passed to their rest and reward, live again in the vivid panorama of Dr. Boyd's reminiscences. We see them in undress as it were, talking and acting with holiday freedom. In their biographies they appear in the stately revelation of

their greatness which, however much it may add to our admiration, does not call out our affection as the thoroughly human representation here given does. Dr. Boyd adds pages to their biographies which no student who would form an adequate conception of the men can afford to overlook.

Not the least interesting part of the book is the story of Dr. Boyd's life-long endeavor to bring the worship of the Church of Scotland into closer conformity with the worship of the Church of England. Our author is the leader of a movement which has resulted in the grafting on of forms and liturgies to the ritual of the Presbyterian Church for the advocacy of which he would have been excommunicated in earlier days. At first he had to suffer a kind of boycotting which almost amounted to martyrdom, and even yet he is not free from considerable annoyance, but his efforts have been crowned with a success for which he could have hardly dared to hope thirty years ago.

PREACHING AND WORSHIP.

THE idea that we go to church "to hear Mr. So-and-So preach" is still widely prevalent, notwithstanding all that has been done within the last thirty years to restore a truer conception of worship. It is true, that theoretically, at least, the matter is better understood than formerly, and that few intelligent people, in or out of the Church, are inclined to deny, when it is put to them clearly, that the first object of "assembling ourselves together" ought to be not so much to receive something as to give something, namely, "ourselves, our souls, and our bodies" as a reasonable and living sacrifice to Almighty God. Most people will admit, in other words, that it is a nobler thing to strive to give and to do all we can, however feeble and inadequate the best of it may be, for the honor and glory of God, than to assume and maintain simply a receptive attitude.

But now and then a survivor of a former era, with the courage of his convictions, ventures to raise his voice in defence of the old Puritan position that listening to preaching is the chief function of social religion. Such an one is the Rev. James Stalker, D. D., of Glasgow. In his excellent Yale lectures on preaching for 1891, he endeavors to meet the charge that the "Evangelical Churches" "give preaching a position of too much prominence in public worship," and does not hesitate to say that there is a "fallacy" in the claim that people should be taught "to come to church for the purpose of speaking to God rather than in order to be spoken to by man." The fallacy, he says, consists in representing preaching as the voice of a *man*. "Preaching of the right kind is the voice of God." "And while it is good for people to go to church that they may speak to God, it is still better to go that He may speak to them."

The defence of the pre-eminent value of preaching has been adequately answered by a writer in *The Critical Review* for January—apparently a co-religionist of Dr. Stalker, who briefly dismisses it as unreal. The plain fact is, people do not regard the voice of the preacher as the voice of God, and they do go to hear a man. "Any change that would restore Christian worship to its rightful place in the Free [*i. e.* unestablished] churches, and remove the preacher from his present painful prominence, would be a gain alike to the popular and to the unpopular preacher. And it would unite congregations by a holier and more lasting bond than an attachment, however honorable and natural, to the ministrations of a favorite preacher." This is the voice of common sense.

But Dr. Stalker can be met upon his own ground with equal effect. Suppose we admit that the voice of the preacher is, in a true sense, the uttered word of God. We still deny that, in the case of a congregation met for worship in the house of God, the antithesis as he proposes it, is the correct one. The true antithesis is not between God speaking to man and man speaking to God, but between man listening to the Word of God, and man acting upon that Word in the true service of prayer, praise, and oblation. In brief, the question is: Which is greater, to hear or to do? In true worship there is an offering up to Almighty God, a self-oblation of the whole man; the mind, with all its thoughts and capacities; the heart, with all its yearnings and aspirations; the whole life, with its work in the vocation to which we are called.

As the well-instructed Churchman knows, the culmination and completion of human worship is when all this, imperfect as it must be on the human side, is brought in Eucharistic worship into union with the oblation of the Body of Christ. Thus, taken up, purified, in Him, enhanced and made perfect through His abounding grace and sufficiency, it becomes an "offering of a sweet savour" acceptable to God. Thus to be joined with Christ in His offering is the highest act of which humanity is capable; all preaching and teaching, all hearing of the Word of God, is but preparatory to this, leads up to it, and is naught without it. Man was made for the glory of God, and in the entire oblation of himself—all that he is, all that he has, all his works and ways—in the supreme act of worship which the Lord "hath commanded us to make," he sets forth that glory in the highest degree and lifts his whole life into the sphere of the Divine.

CHRIST THE REDEEMER.

A SERMON BY THE REV. WM. S. RAINSFORD, D. D., RECTOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, NEW YORK.

"Blessed be the Lord God of Israel; for He hath visited and redeemed His people." Luke 1: 68.

We can only enter into the meaning of the redemption that is in Christ Jesus by viewing that redemptive work of His in its relation to His other offices. As the Everlasting Word of the Father, St. John first speaks of Him. He clothes Himself in creation, His garment of light. His beautiful universe, in all its harmonies, in all its unexhausted and inexhaustible beauty, tells of Him, for He spake the word and it was done, He commanded and it stood fast. Thus the Apostle speaks of the work of the Creative Word. In this way he lifts for us the corner of the mysterious veil, and bids us look on the phenomena of creation with holy awe. However wonderful, however awful it be, in its bewildering greatness, we only see the skirt of its mystery, for it is the garment of Very God. No wonder that in the long ago, best and purest men always instinctively felt that nature was something more than the mere stage setting, before which could be played a human tragedy. "A God must mingle with the game." And so all that was gracefulest and weirdest in poetic fancy, was inwoven with nature's secret beauties. Woodlands were enchanted, her mountains, and plains, and valleys, and streams, each peopled by its separate god; for earthly beauty was meant to be, was worthy to be, the setting for a beauty less transient and more divine.

The days are past, surely, when all this graceful nature worship can be regarded as the grossness of heathenism. We now have learned to see in man's semi-adoration of nature, a yearning of the human heart towards an unknown, though actual Divine. And since, "by the word of the Lord, the heavens were made and all the host of them by the breath of His mouth," man had more than a right to seek in nature the company of his Creator, God. But this, and far more than this, the Johannian Gospel implies, when it speaks of the Christ as the Everlasting Word.

Then more than Creator, He is Master, too, Lord and King of the work of His hands, His firm feet safely treading the waves His will has raised. The advent of the Creator must mean the revelation of the Master. Man may not recognize his Lord, nor even His sheep always know His voice, but nature instinctively owns His mastery. And so the waves His will has raised, still their tossing at the bidding of His glorious voice. And, though clothed in flesh and girt about by human limitation, by right of creation and so of mastery, "He doeth what He will among the armies of heaven, the inhabitants of earth."

Maker and Master in these offices, glorious as they are, He cannot fully meet the needs of His people, for the burden of man is heavy upon him. Man is smitten and sore wounded and knows his need of a healer. And so the Good Physician draweth nigh, and with wisest kindness will not deal weakly with the hurt of His people. Knife, cautery, medicine, are necessary, and He will use them. He brings to His task a Creator's power and an All-Father's love.

But lost man is, as well as sick, and this lostness of man claims from God a fuller revelation of Himself and a new one. He does not call in vain. He reveals to us the inmost nature of the Father, calls Himself our Shepherd, recognizes our lostness and seeks His sheep, yea, His goats, too, till He finds them. And so we come to this last and, perhaps, most comprehensive of the offices of Christ—most comprehensive because it is founded on the others. He must be Redeemer, because He is Creator, Master, Healer, and Shepherd. I would have you, my friends, settle it in your minds as an absolute fact, that the whole force and power of the Gospel of Redemption lies in the absolute fact of this primal possession, creation, and good-will of God to man, revealed in Christ.

I can only redeem what is first mine. Redemption is the buying back of something temporarily lost to me. And the aching sense within my heart of my failure to be my best self, the unappeasable pangs of remorse and discontent, what are they all? They are only the protests of my soul against a false transaction, by which I have mortgaged myself to sin. They are the outcries of my heart in protest against the wrong I have done myself and my Father, in joining my being to those keepers of swine that dwell in a far country. And thus it is, that in foreign lands of license, we carry with us in time of feasting, or in times of famine, the perpetual dissatisfaction of our hungry hearts.

The redemption that is in Christ Jesus is an absolutely reasonable redemption. We know little of God, but we know enough to be sure that it is as natural for Him to redeem as to create. Redemptive power is a necessary completion of our ideal of God. We could not worship Him as almighty to create, and less mighty to redeem. The power to make is great and worshipful. The power to re-make cannot be less worshipful or less great. I cannot pause to enlarge here, but surely to those who know anything of modern study, an immensely interesting field of thought is suggested. We would stand amazed at nature's power to make, but as we deeper dip into her laboratories, we see what we call creations were mistakenly so called. They are really re-makings, but not new makings, but re-makings of old stuff into new stuff, of low stuff into higher stuff, redeemings of lower life to higher orders of being.

Let us cast from us forever the false idea of God, an unworthy idea, an idea of an almighty Creatorship and an all-restrictive Redeemership. God is no tripping nurse, who has allowed man somehow to fall from His arms, letting him rise afterwards a crippled thing forever. No power that can

bring to the birth but not bring forth, that can give life but not lead life on, an beget divine offspring but breaks own in its effort to educate the offpring it owns, can be divine.

No, redemption is a necessity of the divine nature. As a fall, generally speaking, is a necessity of human nature; as the change from innocence to righteousness must be made, in order that man may grow; as white innocence may be left behind that he may gain character; so this redemption in God, revealed in Christ Jesus, is no divine afterthought, no expedient, no mere experiment, but stands based forever in the inalienable possession of men by God.

But, again, more than this. Not only does redemption rest in the primal fact of possession, but the supremest glory—I might call it the esoteric glory—of redemption rests in the satisfaction of the Divine Nature itself. The diviner the nature, the surer its right to ultimate self-satisfaction. What do I mean by that? I mean that the redemption of men must afford especial satisfaction to the nature of God, which nothing else can afford to the nature of God. I mean to say, in proof of this, that we at our highest are the best exponents of God. In all the universe man best speaks of, foretells, and illustrates God, for man is the head and crown of things. I mean, that if I look into the best hours of the best men, nay, simpler than that, if I can lift up the veil a little bit off my own heart and life, in one of those hours when a man feels he is a little bit nearer than usual to the central source of his being, then I shall see that in my own nature which assures me that the truest, and sweetest, and highest thing in the universe is the redeeming by love, to love, of love's own.

There is a hint of it in nature. Can I not remind some of you of a day in some long past spring, when you wandered forth, bird-nesting, with a boy friend or two? What boy that has ever gone bird-nesting for an hour has forgotten that brave, sharp, sweet glance that met him full from the little beadlike eye of the bird that sat on its nest, rising in one short moment superior to its common training of instinct? That timid thing that would not allow you within gunshot a month before, there sits defying you on its tiny nest; for under its warm breast lie its treasures of life. What is it in nature, then, that makes nature herself rise superior to her dominant instincts?

Come nearer home for a minute, and what do we find there? Is there one of us here, this morning—not one, not one—so poor, but can remember some time at least, in his or her life, when, I cannot tell how it happened, the commonplace seemed to fall away and the value of life was real, and you looked at your friend, at your wife, at your husband, perhaps you looked at your child, and the thing—the dear one you looked at—was no longer just what it had been before. It was clothed with a new value, it possessed a new beauty, and you came and stood and were silent, for a great yearning, a great soul pulse, was throbbing within you, you felt that all the powers at your command were incapable of expressing what you knew of love to your child or your friend. You felt language was idle, kisses were vain. You turned away dumb with longing, yearning to find some undreamed-of way to satisfy your love. Such hours mark our lives, we cannot forget them. It was not even the goodness or the beauty of your sleeping child or your dear dead, that begat in you that outbursting moan of passion. It was the mighty cry of love to be allowed to win to itself its own, its protest—a wild protest, and uneffective, alas, against the inevitable separateness we are doomed to here. There was a geyser-like gush of feeling within you, and you wanted to draw that little boy, take him in, and make him part of your very self.

It is in such an hour as that, that we can form some poor, halting conception of what the overbrooding love of God must be, that infinite satisfaction that the Divine shall find at last in wooing not in vain, in wooing what for ages He has waited for, to His love, winning at last the thing that did not know Him; until for eternity, its smile met His smile and gave Him back His longed-for answer, and its hand touched in recognition the Everlasting Arm that has been wound around it so very long.

And yet, once again, the redemption that is in Christ Jesus is the seeking by God of the reformation of the lost. Why? Because love only can read value. May I take a simple illustration of it, and I think you will all bear me out that this is not an uncommon, but a very common, experience. You met some one long ago, and at first he was commonplace to you, no better, no stronger, no more fitted to your need than fifty others with whom you would come in contact. But circumstances drew you close together, and after a time intimacy sprung, and with intimacy appreciation grew, and you got to know that person that at first was almost repellent to you, and in the knowledge, hidden beauties grew out of the soil of the life, and you knew and tested them, and there was something in that life that met your own, and was responsive to your own, and before you knew, friendship's flower sprung up there and blossomed and was sweet, and the thought of that life passing away from your life made your life colder. Was that discovered life better than it had been before? Was there a treasure there non-existent before? Not so, but love had translated life, that was all. Love had given to the jangling tongues of life a language. The babel had changed its tones to speech, and in the interchange, soul grew to soul, and love responded to love. The gold hidden in the vein of rock, had been drawn by love's fire forth, melted, purified, and stamped, precious coin of the realm of friendship, which, passing from hand to hand, has made everybody richer. There is nobody that has ever been in love, who knows not what I mean. Love teaches value, but love does not create value, never. Love does not put there what is not there, but love gives you that special property of discernment which so vividly reveals value, that it seems as though creation of value had first taken place. So great is the change in the person, that you think your love has created value. It has merely revealed the value there awaiting its discovery. What undreamed-of treasures await these discoveries of love.

And so, and so, the love of God discerns value. Do you remember—I think some of you do—how splendidly our Emerson sings of it?

"It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in the bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Or in the song of woman heard;
But in the lowest, meanest things
There always, always, something sings.

"'Tis not in the high stars alone,
Nor in the cups of budding flowers,
Nor in the redbreast's mellow tone,
Nor in the bow that shines in showers;
But in the mud and scum of things,
There always, always, something sings."

Thus it is, that when a glimpse of that supreme love is given me—love redeeming the lost—when Jesus speaks of the *penetralia* of heaven, and a light shines from God that comes as near being pure light as our tear-blinded human eyes can see and still endure, what is the picture, what is its message? It is a picture of a household fairly turned topsy turvy with joy, over the home-coming of one poor, wandering, silly boy. The patriarchal dignity of the East is almost lost for a season, all for one unworthy son. Wrecked in fortune, ragged and sick, at last he has come home, and his father is not merely glad to see him. The courts of the everlasting God know something of the intoxication of divine merriment. How wonderful it all is! One soul, through years of wandering, come at last to its true self! Come at last to rest on that bosom of changeless, tireless pity and love! And what takes place? He has his father's pity; yes, but more. He still enjoys his father's love; but still more. Many a child has drawn forth pity and love, but here is sudden outburst of joy. The prodigal is worth more than pity, worth more than love. The hidden value of him begets a fatherly pride, which, when he is rewon, expresses itself in joy that overflows and carries all before it.

I bow my head in wonder and adoration, as from the lips of the Saviour I learn—none other lips had ever dared to speak it—that man shall yet be the cause of divine rejoicing. When, at evening, He brings us home, what a home-coming it will be! Home from the mountain and the forest, home from the battle-field and from the far country! Then heaven itself shall be aware of a very tumult of joy in the face of High God. Then earth shall sing at last her hitherto unsung song, and all things in heaven and all things in earth, and such as are in the sea, shall be heard joining in that vast anthem, whose theme shall be a universal recognition of a universally redeeming Love.

Let us, then, beloved, in the name of our redeeming God, go forth to discover and to save everywhere that something, that even in the mud and scum of things, has never quite lost its power of song.

A TRIP TO THE PACIFIC.

BY THE RT. REV. W. E. McLAREN, D. D.

II.

The "overland tourist" leaving Chicago by the Santa Fe route, dashes through Illinois, over the Mississippi, and through Missouri, by night. Eating his breakfast in the "diner," he looks out to see that marvellous triumph of the engineer, the bridge across the Missouri river, and, an hour or two after, he finds himself in Kansas City, which may be termed the gateway of the vast regions to the westward. We get little idea of the city itself, but it is worth while to study the great depot where many railways converge. It is about as *intense* a spot as any I have visited. Trains come thundering in from every point of the compass, and as many move more quietly out, all filled with people representating every kindred and tongue, hurrying west or east, on a thousand errands. It is a study to watch them and conjecture their character. One thing they have in common: a hurried expression, an eager, anxious, expectant, determined purpose to do. These are the men who make the wildernesses blossom as the rose. These bevies of children are to be founders of empires. They do not look happy and contented, but they intend to be so when they get somewhere. And thus, day after day, year after year, the caravan hurries in and out, and though you will never see their faces again, they will register themselves and their achievements in the next census. How many types of character among these nomads! Listen, and you shall hear in five minutes as many different languages spoken. Thirty-five years ago I first saw Chicago, and well do I remember the wild, rollicking, profane, bibulous youth with a broad-brimmed hat and a suggestion of camp-life and Indian warfare. You see him no more in Chicago; but here he is at the Kansas City depot, unmistakably the same semi-barbarian, increasingly so as you see him in more westerly regions. Bronzed, bearded, and braggart though he be, he has his mission; and there is a vast amount of good in him. Bret Harte has pictured him to the life. Our missionary bishops know that his generous impulses are to be counted on when there is a church to build, and many a missionary priest has had his heart made glad by winning some of his kind from boisterous ways to a life of righteousness.

I was struck with the contrasts presented by this motley crowd. Here is a crude peasant from Germany, monstrous are his boots, quaint his cap, gorgeous his long pipe, and clustered about him a meek-eyed *frau* and one, two, three, four—I cannot count them all!—miniatures of his strong stolid face, with eyes of wonder, and mouths crammed with pretzels bought at the refreshment counter. Father, mother, children unnumbered, each has a load of personal *impedimenta*, pans, cups, blankets, coats, overcoats, loaves of bread, and he a bottle of beer in each pocket. Standing near by is an English tourist, a glass over his right eye, his suit of rough woollen only too plainly a misfit, and in his hand the daintiest of silk umbrellas wrapped close about its stick. The long whiskers, dropping from the neighborhood of his ears, warrant you in predicating his nativity, which becomes assurance doubly sure when you hear him say to his companion (who has an elegant sportsman's outfit under his arm) that the day—rather wet it must be confessed—is a "very nawsty" one.

But I shall not attempt to exhaust the subject. It would be one's life-work to study and describe the ever-shifting scenes of a depot where several millions of people get on and off the trains every year.

Practically we begin to climb "the Rockies" at Kansas City, which is 765 feet above sea level. We traverse the State of Kansas, and at Coolidge are

3,365 feet above the sea; we run through the south-eastern corner of Colorado, and at the boundary of New Mexico pass through the Raton tunnel, which has an elevation of 7,622 feet, the highest point reached; we climb and descend, slowly climbing, swiftly descending, for about 800 miles, passing through New Mexico and a good part of Arizona, until we reach Flagstaff (6,866 ft,) when we plunge down in the next 254 miles to the Needles, which is only 477 feet above the sea. There is many a heavy grade after that, but we have, to all intents and purposes, mastered the Rockies when we have reached the Needles, and at last we are within the California line, 2,000 miles from Chicago. But the journey is not over yet.

I must ask you to go back and admire with me the great quadrangle of rolling prairie, called Kansas. It is a revelation to gaze upon the expanses that are under careful cultivation, yielding year by year, unexampled returns. Myriads of rural homes are strewn along our route, and now and again we come upon a village, where every sign of prosperity presents itself, and less frequently our engine shrieks its advent into a larger centre, deserving the name (which all the villages aforesaid claim!) of city. No need to describe them. If you have seen a Western city, you know them all. *Ex uno disce omnes.* The hotels, busses, depots, houses, churches, schools, business blocks, opera-houses, are all alike. The same glare of electricity is over all—if we pass them at night.

Kansas is one vast prairie, fertile as Eden. But it is not a monotony of surface. The eye is relieved by undulations that suggest the huge uncrested billows of mid-ocean, and there are ranges of hills which break the horizon line and intensify the middle distances. The tree planter has been here and done his work well; for what with orchards, clumps of windbreakers about the houses, growths along the water-courses, and planted forest trees, the scene negatives one's conceptions of prairie.

"It didn't look like that in my time," said a grey-bearded relic of the pioneer days, who, with his rough garments, seemed an anachronism in the vestibuled sleeper; and when we listened to some of his reminiscences of the earlier days when this route was a "trail," the train a score of "prairie schooners," the motive power a dozen oxen to each wagon, urged forward by profanity and a whip of far-reaching longitude, we appreciated our luxuries of travel more than ever. He had much to say of copper-hued faces peering over hill tops, and the crack of rifles and the whizzing of arrows; and much, too, of lonely graves where young fellows from the States were laid to rest. He has not lost his olden prejudice against the poor creatures who knew of no other way to save their lands from the intruder, and repeats the old saw, as trite as inhuman, that the only good Indian is the dead one. As the shadows of evening descend, we leave him to spin his yarns for others, and from our own section look out on the dim landscape with a weird thought of the tales of suffering and blood these hills might tell; and, with a sigh for the vanished race, we could not but think it well that such a race has succeeded as now builds on those fertile acres, a mighty empire where may thrift, education, and religion forever bless and sanctify those who come after!

A WINTER VACATION.

IX.

DEAR LIVING CHURCH: — When one has only a few Sundays in London, it is extremely difficult to choose just where to go. Well, on this occasion I gave myself dispensation, and went on my first Sunday to the Brompton Oratory, to see what it was like; so soon too after Manning's death a certain feeling impelled me that possibly there might have been some allusion to him. There was none, however.

The Oratory is a beautiful structure in the style of St. Paul's, smaller, but much more ornate, gold and glitter is on every hand. At every convenient place in the graceful structure there is an altar, and each altar is fully decorated; every corner is utilized, even the dark space under the gallery, which holds the choir and organ, is turned into a gloomy Calvary, with the sacred Sufferer in a position of intense agony, the thieves in contortions on either side, and Mary and St. John at either hand. The high altar has a grand effect, with a suspended baldachino simulating in metal a rich tapestry. The use of so much gorgeous marble and gilt ornamentation might be called overdone, at least to our taste. Punctually at the stroke of eleven, the officiants entered, and organ began. The whole service was marked by the most careful and graceful attention to detail, the vestments were never awry, all was spick and span, clean and neat, and well done. Italian it was in spirit and form, but it was done by Englishmen, and done perfectly. The acolytes were men and well trained, while priest, deacon, and sub-deacon showed in every movement, thought, reverence, and dignity. It was an object lesson in propriety, surely it was not out of place to be thus careful and absorbed in the worship of God. My mind reverted to much elsewhere that was ever the reverse, where individual whim and untutored awkwardness marred obvious propriety. I was especially touched with the entire naturalness and fitness of the Kiss of Peace, given and received before the Communion of the priest. I wonder such an ancient, beautiful, and fitting symbolism has not been restored, as it easily might, to our own use.

The music was exquisitely rendered. The choir of men and boys occupy a gallery well down in the nave, and are not seen. Hence all the necessary direction of a conductor can be used without distraction or any unedifying effect. I could see from where I sat, the incessant action which he kept over the music, minutely guiding every phrase. From this cause the Gregorian numbers were given with a tender delicacy and careful expression, quite surprising, and the more elaborate figured music of the Mass was rendered with positive passion. A grand adult voice sang an offertory from Gounod.

The sermon was a plain, straightforward, teaching sermon upon Confession, based upon the words of the Gospel, "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." The church was quite well filled, and the congregation seemed decidedly English. The Italian mission, as Archbishop Benson calls the Roman Church in England, is but a small thing compared to the great Church of the land. I felt this as I stood a few hours later under the dome of St. Paul's, and heard and saw that vast congregation heartily joining and intelligently joining, in the psalms, and prayers, and hymns. I felt too, that, as one day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day, so in His good Providence there may be work for both Churches to do for each other, until that time shall come "that they all may be one." There is a vast movement going on among all Christians, which is filled with a purpose we may not dare to limit, or to measure. "Yes," I heard a gentleman of a clerical cut say to another of like appearance, one week-day in St. Paul's, "a great revolution in opinion and practice is passing over the Presbyterians in England and Scotland." "Yes," said the other, "we find the same in America." They were two Presbyterian ministers comparing notes under the dome of St. Paul's, and before the reredos, with the carven Christ, His Blessed Mother, and the saints thereon. "That they may be one!" Canon Scott Holland was the preacher. It was a delight to watch his intent, clear face, and listen to his impassioned, grandly delivered sermon. Of every service at St. Paul's one can only repeat phrases of praise. This was as all the rest, splendid.

J. H. K.

PERSONAL MENTION.

The Rev. Charles E. Preston, formerly rector of St. Thomas' church, Greenville, R. I., is now rector of the church of the Ascension, Auburn, R. I.

The Rev. Joseph A. Russell has given up ministerial work and will hereafter reside in Charlton, Iowa.

The address of the Rev. E. F Gee is now Spooner, Wis., he having been appointed to the charge of the missions at Shell Lake, Rice Lake, Hayward, Barron, and Spooner.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

M. D.—Does the Greek Church receive those ordained and confirmed by us? The Anglican and the Eastern Churches have too little knowledge of each other to allow of inter-communion with formal recognition of orders as yet. The present condition may be described as one of benevolent inquiry, leading we trust, to nearer relations in a not distant future.

J. C.—In answer to your question, we intended to say that we had no statistics which would give us the comparative progress of Old Catholic work in Germany. There were in Germany last year, 1 bishop, 50 priests and deacons, 100 congregations, with 34,893 souls.

B. M. C.—A rector of a parish has the right to offer the use of his altar to another priest, and is quite within the law, if such service is before or after the published hour of the usual service. There is no such rubric as you mention.

J. P. B.—"The Daughters of the King" is a Church institution, having some 70 chapters in the dioceses. It is, we think, older than the "King's Daughters", and was founded in 1885. The general secretary is Miss E. L. Ryerson, 520 East 87th st., N. Y. City. We have no doubt that she will give you full information, upon application.

"INQUIRER."—While we should not hold that a priest is bound to *repel* one who has not been confirmed, unless known to be an evil liver, yet we do not see how a formal invitation can consistently be extended, either privately or publicly. The rubric, "None shall be admitted", etc., seems very plain. Our own children are not bidden to commune before Confirmation; why should others be?

ORDINATIONS.

On the second Sunday in Lent, the Bishop of Milwaukee ordained the Rev. George W. Lamb, to the priesthood, at All Saints' cathedral, Milwaukee. He was presented by the Rev. Dr. Wright, who also preached the sermon. The Celebration was full choral, the service being Woodward in E flat. The cathedral choir was assisted by that of St. Luke's, which was organized several years ago by Mr. Lamb and has since been under his direction. The priests assisting in the laying on of hands, were the Rev. Drs. Ashley and Wright, and the Rev. Messrs. H. B. St. George, Sr., and H. B. St. George, Jr.

OBITUARY.

NORTH.—In Buffalo, March 14th, 1892, Ida Eleanor, wife of the Rev. Walter North, rector of St. Luke's church.

PETERS.—Died in Kent, Conn., Feb. 28th, Eben S. Peters, father of the Rev. Garrett E. Peters of Detroit, Mich; for many years senior warden of St. Andrew's church, Kent, aged 94 years, 11 months, 17 days.

GOODWIN.—From his home, Dundee, Ill., passed to the rest of Paradise, on the morning of March 4th, 1892, Russell Tower Goodwin, M. D., aged 87 years, 5 months, and 1 day. In the Communion of the Catholic Church.

SEYMOUR.—Mrs. Mary Seymour entered into rest early in the morning of Ash Wednesday, March 2d, 1892, in (Roseville) Newark, New Jersey. Mrs. Seymour was the second child of Isaac N. Seymour, for many years treasurer of the Delaware & Hudson Canal Co., New York, and Elvira (Belknap) his wife. She married in 1853, a distant cousin of the same name, John F. Seymour. He was killed, probably by accident, on the night of July 3rd, 1879, on the grounds of the General Theological Seminary, New York. At the time of her death, Mrs. Seymour was within three months of being 72 years old.

Mrs. Seymour was a woman of more than ordinary strength of mind, and great force of character. Her impulses were always noble and generous, and the plea of the suffering was never unheeded by her. She was an ardent Churchwoman, and her end was peace. Of three children who survived infancy, her brother, the Bishop of Springfield, alone remains now. She leaves three daughters, Mrs Elvira S. Montgomery of New York City, Mrs. Adele C. Taylor, the wife of the Rev. F. M. S. Taylor of Mt. Vernon, N. Y., and Mrs. Georgiana M. Pearson of Newark, N. J., at whose house her mother deceased.

ONE WHO MOURNS.

APPEALS.

The Mid-Western Deaf-Mute Mission needs money to meet the expenses of the work extending over a number of dioceses. A. W. MANN, General Missionary, 123 Arlington st., Cleveland, Ohio.

ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL, CHICAGO.

A fund is being raised by one of the managers of St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, to endow eight more free beds: ST. JOHN'S, ST. JAMES', and ST. CHARLES' beds for men; ST. MARY'S bed for women; ST. MARGARET'S for young girls; ST. THOMAS' for young boys; ST. GEORGE'S bed and WILLIAM'S Rest for older boys. Will not all persons of the above mentioned names help on the good work by sending money or checks to

MRS. N. K. FAIRBANK,
1801 Michigan ave., Chicago, Ill.

Mention this paper.

THE GENERAL BOARD OF MISSIONS.

(Legal Title. The Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the United States of America.)

All men, women, and children who belong to the Episcopal Church are members of this society and share the privilege of supporting its missions at home and abroad. Domestic missions in thirteen missionary jurisdictions and thirty-four dioceses, and among Indians and colored people; foreign missions in China, Japan, Africa, Greece, and Haiti; salaries of sixteen bishops; stipends of 1,100 missionaries, besides support of schools, hospitals, and orphanages will cost $500,000 this year, and depend wholly upon voluntary contributions. Gifts may be designated for any part of the work. Remittances should be made to Mr. George Bliss, treasurer, and communications addressed to the Rev. Wm. S. Langford, D. D., Mission Rooms, 22 Bible House, New York.

QUESTION AND ANSWER SUGGESTED FOR USE IN ALL SUNDAY SCHOOLS UNTIL EASTER.

Question:—Can the children gather $100.000 as an Easter offering for the general missions of the Church?

Answer (in concert):—If they try—if they all try—if teachers help them—if parents help them—if friends help them—if we all help them. Yes—They can.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ENGAGEMENT WANTED.—By a Churchwoman of education and refinement, as secretary, chaperone or companion, to a lady. No objection to travelling. References exchanged. Address, MRS. L. D. ASH, care 34 South Water st., Cleveland, Ohio.

A COMPETENT choir leader and an efficien organist can be secured for Church services on favorable terms. Address BOX 27, Quincy, Ills.

A CANADIAN LADY, at present residing in Boston, desires position as managing housekeeper or companion. Fully competent; unexceptional references. Communicant. Address M. E. W., care THE LIVING CHURCH.

WANTED—A clergyman in a small parish in a northern State, a young man preferred. Fine church building free from debt. Salary $750 for first year. Address SECRETARY, care of THE LIVING CHURCH.

PUPIL NURSES wanted for the Good Samaritan Hospital and Nurses' Training School. Compensation, $6 per month and board: Diploma at end of course. Apply to DEAN RICHMOND BABBITT, LL. D., Trustee, Saginaw, Mich.

FOR SALE.—A flourishing female boarding and day school, finely located and successful. Very easy terms to the right party, who will continue it as a Church school. The reasons for its sale are personal and family matters, not any want of success. Address PRINCIPAL OF SCHOOL, LIVING CHURCH Office.

SMALL pipe organ for sale cheap. Address MR. J. CRYDERMAN, 356 Virginia st., Milwaukee, Wis.

THE St. Agnes Guild of Calvary church, furnish vestments, embroideries, etc. Choir vestments a specialty. Address the Rev. W. H. MOORE, 975 Monroe st., Chicago.

PENNOYER SANITARIUM. This institution with new, modern building, (elevator, gas, hot water heating), has elegant accommodations and superior facilities for the treatment of chronic diseases. Baths, electricity, massage, skilled attendants. As a winter health resort, no superior may be found in the North. For illustrated circular, address N. A. PENNOYER, M. D., Manager, Kenosha, Wis.

CHOIR AND STUDY.

CALENDAR—MARCH, 1892.

25.	Annunciation B. V. M.	White.
27.	4th Sunday in Lent (Mid-Lent).	Violet.

THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

BY THE REV. J. ANKETELL.

THE FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT.

But we, brethren, like Isaac, are children of promise —Galatians, iv., 28.

Grant, we pray thee, Almighty Lord,
Though we merit thy scourge for sin,
We may share in the rich reward,
Thy pure death on the cross did win.

Now no longer the slaves of law,
We are children by grace set free;
Love is tempered by holy awe,
Anxious fear lost in Love's deep sea.

Sinai's thunders no longer roll,
Clouds and darkness no more shall fall;
Blest Jerusalem of the soul,
Thou art mother and hope of all!

Joy, thou barren that bearest not,
Hide no more in the dust thy face;
Better far is the lone one's lot.
Bearing Isaac, the child of grace.

Through earth's desert we pass in tears;
Here, O Christ, is thy table spread,
Soothe our sorrows, dispel our fears,
Feed our souls with Thy living bread.

Till earth's darkness shall pass away
Grant the token above all cost;
Lead us on to the realms of day,
Save the fragments that none be lost!

THE FESTIVAL OF THE ANNUNCIATION.

BY W. B. C.

The Blessed Virgin Mary's Day
We usher in with harp and lay.
O saint of saints! archangels greet
Thy holy morn; with willing feet
Let us unto the temple haste,
And be the sumptuous altar graced
With spring's first blooms for her who bore
The Saviour we adore.

Here the Cross and Manger meet;
Here the Virgin and the Child,
Oh, the mystery most sweet;
Lately in the winter wild
We her saintly name resounded
Through the Christmas halls of song;
Now with equal pomp surrounded
Let us Mary's feast prolong!

THE ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

The festival of the Annunciation is one which loses observance because of the date of its occurrence. It falls almost invariably in Lent. There are but three possible contingencies in which it can happen outside of this penitential season. Twice in the remainder of the present century it will coincide with Easter Day, and it will happen so infrequently as to occur but once or twice in a lifetime, that the worshipper will be able to observe it by itself as a detached and special solemnity. In almost every case the Annunciation comes to the Church in the midst of Lenten associations. Sometimes it falls in Holy Week, and adds by its contrast a deeper sadness to the solemn memories of Good Friday.

Yet on at least one account it deserves higher prominence than it usually receives. It is the festival of the Incarnation. It presents the divine side of that doctrine to which the Nativity offers the human side. There are many who keep Christmas in a spirit which is doubtful of, or indifferent to, the heavenly descent of the Saviour, who merely recognize the outward attractiveness of the picture of the Birth at Bethlehem, and who are quite content to honor the Lord as at least a human teacher and benefactor, without acknowledging Him as the Lord of glory.

But to keep the Annunciation is to recognize in its fullness the gracious doctrine both of the pre-existence of God the Son from all eternity, and the truth that the Word was made flesh; and took not the nature angels upon Him. An angel announces Him to the Blessed Mother. Angels celebrate His birth, but while He lives on earth He is made "a little lower than the angels," to obtain a much more excellent heritage than they.

When in this day some who should be wiser and better instructed, are casting doubts upon the previous existence of Christ, when these are attempting to explain into a metaphysical unreality the meeting of divinity and perfect humanity, it is well for all true Churchmen to recognize with especial devotion that day which emphasizes and enforces the high truth of the Incarnation. That is not a speculation, but a fact, God manifest in the flesh, one of the facts embodied in the Creed, one of the truths by which the believer is to live.—*The Churchman.*

CHORAL DIRECTORY.

Under this department, a fresh departure, at least temporarily, seems desirable. We refer to the enhanced advantages derivable from a comparative study of a month's choral work, as found in certain representative churches. The cathedral service lists which have appeared in this column, gave our studious readers, perhaps for the first time, a view of the musical life and history of the grand Anglican cathedrals in their weekly routine. Now it is proposed, for a few weeks, to present a month's picture of certain choirs at home, which studied separately, or comparatively, will afford fresh data for reflection and study. Begining with Trinity church, New York, and its service calendar for March, we hope to present, an entirely new view of continuous choral work.

TRINITY CHURCH, NEW YORK.

Vested choir, about 35-38 voices. Dr. A. H. Messiter, organist and choir master.

ASH WEDNESDAY, *Venite*, tone 5, anthem, "Turn ye even unto Me, saith the Lord," Cutler: service for Holy Communion, Plain song, *Miserere*, Gregorian.

FIRST SUNDAY IN LENT, March 2, *Benedicite*; Purcall in B♭; *Benedictus*, Gregorian; anthem, "Enter not into judgment," Attwood; service for Holy Communion, Gerald F. Cobb; offertory, "For He shall give His angels charge," Mendelssohn. EVENING, *Bonum est* and *Deus Miseretur*, Messiter; anthem, "I waited for the Lord," Mendelssohn; *Magnificat*, Stainer.

SECOND SUNDAY IN LENT, March 13, Psalter, 1st selection: *Benedicite*, Purcell in B♭: anthem, "It is the Lord's mercies," Thorne; service for Holy Communion, Cobb; offertory, "Lord, have mercy," Schubert; in place of the *Gloria in Excelsis*, Hymn 205. EVENING, *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis*, King: anthem, "Hear my prayer," Kent.

THIRD SUNDAY IN LENT, March 20, *Benedicite*; anthem, "Behold He that keepeth Israel," Cutler; service for Holy Communion, Cobb; offertory, Lord, have mercy." Schubert. EVENING, *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis*, Travers; anthem, Psalm LXXX., verses 1-18, Whitfield.

THE ANNUNCIATION B. V. M., March 25 anthem, "The grace of God that bringeth Salvation," Barnby; Commmunion service, Tours in C; offertory, "The Angel Gabriel was sent from God," Smart.

FOURTH SUNDAY IN LENT, March 28th, *Benedicite*, Gregorian; anthem, "Come unto Me," Communion service, Gadsby-Croft; offertory, "From the morning watch till the evening," Gounod. EVENING, *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimmittis*, King in F; anthem, St. John iv: verses 13-14, Sterndale Bennett.

There is a general concession to the conventional observance of the Lenten season, on the part of those who cater for the recreation or amusement of the public, especially in New York. It seems increasing year by year. Indeed it has become the mode for "society" to dispense with, or restrict, its pleasures, so that opera and theatre-going, with the usual succession of brilliant dancing assemblies and parties, largely give place to more seasonable diversion. Mr. George Riddle, of Boston, announces a series of readings from Bayard Taylor's version of Faust, with musical comment from the rich repertory of Faust music. These take place in one of the popular theatres as matinees. Those sterling and popular soloists, Mr. Geo. W. Morgan, the organist, with Miss Maud Morgan, the harpist, have announced their annual series of recitals for Tuesday afternoons during March, assisted by eminent artists. Chickering Hall supplies an attractive and convenient place for assembly, and there is not a little liturgic as well as artistic congruity provided in this felicitous conjunction of harp and organ, both of which are chiefly associated with religious uses. Mr. Morgan, while ranked among the veterans at the key-board, is one of our most picturesque and delightful soloists, while Miss Morgan's virtuosity at the harp remains unchallenged. This series enjoys, year by year, the social support of a commanding array of patrons and patronesses.

We are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. William Smedley, choirmaster of the Chicago Diocesan Choir Association, for the order of services for the Fourth Annual Festival, which is appointed for Wednesday, June 1st, with a full choral celebration of the Holy Eucharist in Grace church, at nine o'clock A. M. On account of the almost unwieldy body of membership, which it will be remembered, strained the capacity of the great Auditorium, the management are agreed that, as there is no church in Chicago large enough to accommodate the Association and a congregation, it has been thought best to divide into three sections this year. Those on the north side of the city will meet in St. James' church, those on the south side, in Grace church, and those on the west side, in the cathedral. These services begin at 7:45 P. M., and the same music is sung at all of them.

The service list is as follows: Processional, Hymn 493, G. F. Le Jeune; choral service, Tallis; special Psalm, 118, Anglicans; *Magnificat* and *Nunc Dimittis*, A. H. Mann, of St. Paul's cathedral, London; Hymn, before address, 36, Alexis Levof; ascription, *Gloria Patri*, Florio; anthem, "O come and behold the works of the Lord," W. H. Longhurst, of Canterbury cathedral; offertory, organ voluntary; anthem, "O clap your hands together, all ye people," Trimnell; seven-fold Amen (after Benediction), P. C. Lutkin; recessional hymn, 557, G. F. Le Jeune. The service at the choral Celebration in the morning, will be sung by the choir of the church. The officers of the Association (in part), are: Patron, the Bishop of the diocese; president, the Rev. A. W. Little, rector of St. Mark's, Evanston; president *pro tem*, the Rev. G. D. Wright, of the cathedral; precentors: the Rev. Joseph Rushton, Rev. Floyd W. Tomkins, Jr., Rev. G. D. Wright; the choirmasters: Mr. William Smedley, St. James'; Mr. F. L. Robertshaw. St. Paul's, Austin, (for the southern division); Mr. Fred Dunston, the cathedral, (for the west side); the organists, Mr. John Howles; Mr. P. C. Lutkin, St. James', (for the northern division), and Mr. Louis Hart, St. Mark's, (for the southern division.)

By an examination of the musical selections, it will be seen that they are agreeably diversified, well contrasted, and are sufficiently elaborate to elicit the best work of the various choirs. Two years ago, when we observed the rapid growth of the Association, this topographical division seemed even then almost a practical necessity, in order to arrive at the best results attainable. While something of the overwhelming *eclat* of last spring's festival may not be realized, it seems very clear that better educational results may be looked for in this unique, tripartite event. The choir book for the festival is neatly printed on strong paper, produced in excellent taste, and is creditable alike to the Association, and Mr. Clayton F. Summy, publisher.

The Oratorio Society, of New York, gave the St. Matthew Passion music of Bach, in the Carnegie Music Hall, as a Lenten prologue, Tuesday afternoon, March 1st, and Thursday evening, the 3rd. The general edification of such a public delivery of this monumental production is certainly a praiseworthy purpose, and lies clearly in the interests of Christian æsthetics. The Handel and Haydn Society, of Boston, ostensibly serves the same purpose in its annual delivery of the same solemn music on the evening of Good Friday. The artistic setting of the Oratorio Society, the superb work of what may be accepted as the most perfectly trained and effective choral society in the country, and the vigor, intelligence, and masterful direction of Mr. Damrosch, were immediately recognized. The irresistible pathos and solemnity of the great chorales with which the recitative and solo passages are emphasized, and which, after all, are the chief incidents, fell upon the audience like vast waves of choral adoration and faith empurpled with the grief and despair of Gethsemane and Calvary. It was a strange thing to witness in a public music hall. Its evangelic significance and power are unmistakable.

The "dry places" lie in the interminable recitatives and narrative, which lose much of their Scriptural force in the almost fantastic caprices of the great idealist, Bach, who, in his unrecognized doctrines of tonal translation, seems to have anticipated the spirit, if not the methods, of the Wagner art. At any rate they are capable of an esoteric analysis quite unintelligible to the musical laity. Like the Wagner art again, this intangible mysticism of vocal form is supported against a background of orchestration, indescribably delicate, fascinating, and eloquent, which helps to some comprehension of the composer's mind and art. But the voice parts are largely obscure in musical form and phrasing, lacking commanding melodic figures, and enveloping the listener in baffling surprises and obscurities. Besides, these passages make tremendous demands on the art and voice of the soloists. Max Heinrich, an exceptionally strong interpreter of this range of solo work, and years ago a favorite in oratorio and the higher choral classics, delivered the bass-baritone passages with undoubted power. The alto, Madame Calves, was really as successful in the parts assigned to her; but Mme. De Vere demonstrated afresh her inability to perform such serious and exalted work.

It is inconceivable that this colossal production as a whole, under the best conditions, can ever become welcome to even the sincerely religious public, in concert hall, or a church, so deeply and intelligently as the great Requiems, or Passion music of *Mors et Vita*, or even the *Stabat Mater* and Requiem as translated by Dvorak. The great church-minster-cathedral is, after all, the only place for an approximate in-

terpretation of choral masterpieces. They sprang from the ecstatic devotions of the Holy of Holies, and there all things of worship, religious sensibilities, architectural symbolisms, and sacred aspirations unite in the general solution.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

The Atlantic Monthly opens with a brief but richly stocked study of "An Old English Town" by Brooke Herford, who gives a lively and pregnant illustration of "What's in a Name," or what treasure of tradition and history may lie gathered up in these "pocket"names which are sprinkled all over England; nothing occasions a finer surprise than these "finds" which turn up wherever the investigator is persevering enough. Isabel F. Hapgood gives a graphic account of "Harvest Tide on the Volga," where the reader meets strange people and experiences. We would bracket "The Children's Poets" by Agnes Repplier with "The Little Children of Cybele," by Edith M. Thomas, as obscured by quaintness and literary mannerism that hinder easy reading, and so in part defeat the purpose of the writers, who are distinctly clever women and never attempt to palm off shop-worn wares upon their readers. The latter paper is the stronger, and more artistic, and displays the writer's loving familiarity and intense delight in nature. "The American Pessimist," by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., is a piece of sound writing and sound thinking. The writer hastily but thoroughly reviews the field and its principal personages, sketches the salient outlines of this detestable miasma of head and heart, and differentiates a distinctly American type, which the intelligent student of men and books discovers to be a striking likeness which seems resolvable into a stoical-epicurean-agnosticism, against a background of Puritan tradition and heredity. Here are a few of his features:—"The modern pessimist, the true incurable pessimist, is not, perhaps, a pessimist at all. He does not rail, or curse God, or despise man. If his state of mind can be described he that has thought, not himself, but everything besides himself, into a shadow. * * He is a man to whom the present is a reality only in comparison with the utter darkness of the future and the past—a man to whom faith and hope are shadows, and charity is the emptiest and vainest of superstructures, from which all foundation has been eaten away." George Herbert Palmer writes earnestly and intelligently in his "Doubts about University Extension," but only concerning its practical development in America. He recognizes in England the presence of a large class of University-bred specialists, for whom there are too few places and opportunities, who thus constitute a reserve force for a work for which the college professors and tutors have neither time nor strength. In America, on the other hand, there are more professorships and opportunities than first-rate men, so that college faculties are sparely filled, and quite unequal to any demands for systematized work outside their immediate range of duties. It is a carefully considered paper, and worth attentive reading. Kate Douglas Wiggin in "A Village Watch-Tower," studies rustic New England life and ways with a curious, half-Flemish minuteness of touch, united with the almost brutal realism and truthfulness of Hogarth. The pitiless, cold scrutiny of the camera has done its perfect work. The provincial degeneracy of the local lingo, with the distortions and belittlements of individual and social life and manners, are all there, and not without chance-wise and local touches of pathos that twitch the heart strings and send tears to the eyes.

The North American Review is mostly taken up with the consideration of political and politico-economic topics, something to the loss of the general reader. He will find however, here and there, food for thought, as in the paper of Dr. Cyrus Edson, "Do we Live too Fast?" who speaks with the authority of a specialist long versed in the vital statistics of crowded centres of population. Our pace and rate of physical and social life, he declares, beset with perils, present and prospective, present loss, enfeeblement and wreckage, moral and physical, and in the future an advancing physical and social degeneracy in an increasing ratio of disastrous probabilities, in which the glutton, the hopeless dyspeptic, the inebriate, and the lunatic, principally figure. He dwells upon the exhaustive appeals continually made to brain, thought, and feeling, by the teeming swarm of newspapers and journals, especially the exciting, sensational, and demoralizing pages of the dailies, which depress, enfeeble, and degrade. He quotes a popular medical practitioner, as saying: "One of the chief benefits a patient may derive from a trip to Europe is found in the fact that there are no newspapers on ocean steamers!" The practical query remains: Will those who constantly swell the front ranks of these mad fast-livers, hear and heed the danger signals of Dr. Edson? His panaceas are the quiet, self-contained habits of a well-ordered life, re-inforced by air and exercise, fresh, open air, in plenty, with dumb bells, Indian clubs, and especially chest-weights, with pulley work. He concludes with an aphorism, very much to the point: "The American race has run too much to brain." Director-General George R. Davis contributes an instructive paper on "The World's Columbian Exposition," in which the organization and methods of procedure for the realization of this international project, are explained. The statistics are comprehensive, and the spirit of the writer eminently hopeful of the largest measure of success. It is an agreeable assurance that the illustrations of material interests and accomplishments will not enfeeble or restrict the best interests of the department of "Liberal Arts" in which education, the arts of the beautiful, literature, and general sociology, have place. To these are added horticulture and arboriculture groups. We cannot resist a generous citation:

American art in every department received a new impulse from the Centennial Exposition of 1876, and it will be a special aim here to show the extent of the advancement made in American art work during the intervening 16 years. It will be the endeavor to make a retrospective exhibit of American paintings, representing each artist who has achieved prominence by characteristic work, all of which will show the changes in the production and methods of our art; and the developement of the various "schools" of expression. But however much we might desire to see American art take the foremost position in this great concourse of nations, it must be frankly admitted that our guests will stand at the head. Contemporary art will be represented on a scale not at all understood as yet by the nations themselves or by our own public. A single illustration will suffice. At the Centennial the total of wall space devoted to fine art was 120,000 square feet. The government of France alone has applied for and will admirably fill wall space to the amount of 75,000 square feet in the World's Columbian Exposition.

One leading object of the department is to form a collection of art works which shall be in the highest degree interesting and instructive to the visitor to the exposition—such a collection as will give one a higher appreciation of art and a desires for further knowledge, which may be satisfied by a study of the collection; such a collection, also, as may enable one to become acquainted with the characteristics of the best art of all nations, induce comparison, and develop critical judgment.

THE CONSTABLE'S TOWER; or the Times of Magna Charta. By Charlotte M. Yonge, author of "The Heir of Redcliffe," "Under the Storm," etc. New York: Thomas Whittaker. Handsome cloth. Pp 211.

Another well-told historic tale, most accurate in the delineation of its period, skilful in the grouping of its great events, and the whole made instinct with familiar life by the interweaving of a strong, noble and touching love story, in which all ends well after many vicissitudes and stern trials arising out of father and lover being espoused, one to the side of King John and the other to the Barons' party in those stor-

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HARPER'S MAGAZINE
FOR APRIL

Walt Whitman.
The Frontispiece is a portrait of WALT WHITMAN, who also contributes a poem, entitled **Death's Valley**, to accompany a full-page engraving of GEORGE INNESS's great painting "The Valley of the Shadow of Death." The portrait is from a painting by J. W. ALEXANDER.

The Last Days of Shelley.
An article by Signor GUIDO BIAGI, with new documents throwing light upon the cremation of the dead poet, and with portraits of Italians still living who witnessed it.

An Indian Fair in the Mexican Hot Country.
SYLVESTER BAXTER makes this subject the theme of a picturesque and attractive article. Illustrated by ALICE BARBER STEPHENS.

La Cabane.
Another of MCLENNAN'S admirable Canadian Habitant sketches, illustrated by C. S. REINHART.

The Tempest,
with EDWIN A. ABBEY'S illustrations. A comment on the play is contributed by Mr. LANG.

"Brother to the Sea."
By JULIAN RALPH, contains a description of Lake Superior and the surrounding region, with illustrations by FREDERIC REMINGTON and CHARLES GRAHAM.

The Danube Papers.
From the Black Forest to the Black Sea. The third article in this series of papers by F. D. MILLET, with illustrations from ALFRED PARSONS'S and F. D. MILLET'S drawings.

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THE POET AND HIS SELF: By Arlo Bates. Boston: Roberts Brothers; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co, Pp., 150.

An attractive little volume whose dainty and pretty exterior is an appropriate and characteristic introduction to the contents. There is no poor poetry, much real thought, and often exquisite expression. In these days of obscure profundity it is most refreshing to find so unpretentious a little collection of poems, containing so much of clear and healthful thought accompanied by genuine artistic expression. It is a book to take with you for an afternoon in the woods, or a row upon the river in the twilight. There is no storm, no tempest, no grandeur, no Miltonic stateliness; but there is sweetness, beauty, quiet thought, fullness, and sincerity throughout.

A HOMERIC DICTIONARY. For schools and colleges. Based upon the German of Dr. George Antenrieth. Translated by Robert P. Keep. Revised by Isaac Flagg. New York: Harper & Bros.; Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price $1.00.

A new edition, or rather the revision of a book that has been popular for years. Most Americans who have read the Odyssey and Iliad in the original must have used Antenrieth in their earlier Greek days, and many more will find it as others have found it, a great help in the rapid reading of Homer.

THE SPIRIT OF MAN. An Essay in Christian Philosophy by Arthur Chandler, M. A. London: Longmans, Green & Co. Pp. 227.

This is an apology for Christianity based on what writers term "a few of the philosophical implications theoretical and practical, which Christianity contains." He says that Christianity is received or rejected, to a great extent, because of the metaphysical and ethical implications which appear to be involved in it. The author seeks to present some of these implications in such wise as to disarm prejudice and produce a friendly attitude of mind toward the positive evidences of Christianity. His central thought is "individual personality," which he emphasizes as "the only true foundation for a theory of knowledge and conduct." He assails various forms of dualism; *e. g.* of knowledge and reality, and of mind and body; his discussion of this last being very suggestive and valuable. His remarks on St. Paul's antithesis between the natural (psychical) body and the spiritual body deserve careful study. He also offers some strong thoughts upon the relations between individuals and society, but has fallen, perhaps, into the same dualism to which he objects, in his treatment of the Church and the individual. The *organic* and *permanent* interdependence subsisting between the body of Christ and individual personalities is not sufficiently appreciated or understood. The writer's style is pleasant, although his argument is sometimes difficult to follow. We commend the book for its suggestiveness, without committing ourselves to all of its statements.

JULIUS CÆSAR AND THE FOUNDATION OF THE ROMAN IMPERIAL SYSTEM. By W. Warde Fowler, M. A. New York, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1892. Pp. 389. Price $1.50.

Many lives of Cæsar have been written by various biographers but we doubt if any of them bring as clearly before the minds of those comparatively unfamiliar with classical antiquity, the place which this great hero, or governing force, occupied in the world's history, as does this charming volume of Mr. Fowler's. He tells us that the two leading themes of the book are the tendencies of the age and the growth of Cæsar's character, and most lucidly he sketches the evolution of the Roman power, and the part the noblest Roman of them all took in steering the ship of state on her true course. The part that Cæsar took in the spread of the Roman domination of the world and his share in the political re-organization of the central government are very clearly worked out, and as the story runs on we can see the hero's growth in greatness and grandeur. Throughout the story of the Gallic and the Civil wars the personality of the great general is continually before us. Under the author's guidance we get an insight into the causes of these wars, the conduct of the campaigns, their results for the nation, and the part that Cæsar played in the formation of the imperial system. But the nobler part of the work, the re-organization of the government, the direction of revolutionary forces to their full realization, the perception of the line of the situation, the control of the forces, and the provision for the future by reconstruction, is most skillfully handled in the chapter on "Cæsar's use of absolute power." This one chapter is a marvel of analysis, and puts us in the most favorable position for appreciating the man "whose equal as a ruler of man has probably never been seen since." The volume is fully illustrated with seven busts of Cæsar, maps, plans of battles, and numerous cuts describing everything which pertained to military matters of that age. An excellent index concludes the volume which we have read with the greatest interest and profit, and which we gladly commend to those who wish to get a comprehensive grasp of the life and labors of one whose influence still makes its impress upon modern political and social systems.

PHIDIAS AND OTHER POEMS. By Frank W. Gunsaulus. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. Price $1.25.

This is decidedly Greek both in style and subject matter. Phidias rolls along in the stately steppings of iambic pentameter. The thought not always clear at first, becomes so at a second reading. The theme though not new, is a large and noble one of the golden age of Greece. There is no rhyme, but excellent meter, fine harmony, and real beauty in words and phrases. In the shorter poems the same meter prevails with an occasional tetrameter or trimeter, and frequent rhymes with the same beauty in choice of words. Especially to be mentioned for their poetical expression are "The Day," beginning:

> O many colored day,
> Who wearest on thy head serene,
> An orange blossom crown.

and "Rainbows in Broken Waves", and the little gem both in thought and expression, "The One Humanity." The book will attract the ordinary reader, please the versifier, delight the scholar, and add its quota to the thought-beauty of the world.

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A silence reigns in heaven, and o'er
The seer in wonder bending,
The song of the redeemed no more
Is heard with joy ascending.
Then, as a shaft of sunlight speeds
From heaven's supernal splendor,
An angel at God's altar leads
A service sweet and tender!

No earthly temple can command
That worship pure and holy;
No sacrifice by priestly hand,
Bespeaks such reverence lowly.
For with the incense prayers arise,
The ear of God compelling—
Distilled from myrrh of martyr's sighs,
And wine of woe indwelling!

In golden thuribles enshrined,
With precious gums and spices,
Offered to Him whose love most kind
For human grief suffices:
How many centuries of dole,
Of faith and patience loyal,
Are burning in that golden bowl—
A gift of love most royal!

The angels seven with folded wings,
In wonder veil their faces;
The prayers of saints—such common things,
Yet sweet with heavenly graces!
More precious in His sight are they,
Than all earth's fleeting story;
Than light of stars, or dawn of day,
Or hero's martial glory!

Oh! seraph! keep that heavenly tryst!
Note every supplication
That rises still, a fragrant mist,
Where'er the saints the cross have kissed,
In every land and nation.
Angelic choirs sing gloria,
And swing your censers golden,
While every prayer shines as a star,
In God's own heart enfolden!

Bangor, Lent, 1892.

THE PRIZE STORY.

A WORKING-WOMAN.

BY MARION COUTHOUY SMITH.

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CHAPTER XIII.

Doris did not go to her pupils that day, but was forgiven when she told of the sorrow that had fallen upon her friend. She did what she could for Kate, but the poor mother was beyond all comfort; the blow had come too suddenly, and the shock was too severe. She clung to Doris, and almost cried to her for help, uttering incoherent words of anguish.

"Doris, why did it happen? How could it? I never dreamed such things could be! My own baby! my little one! gone! gone! Who took her away from me, Doris? Did God do it? If there is a God, how could He do it? You think she is living still—if I only knew it! But where? Oh, who will take care of her? She is so little! To leave her in the cold—so little and tender—my baby! She is not living—she is gone! What shall I do, Doris? Would faith help me? It did not help you much when you lost your love and happiness! No—in a time like this it fails, like everything else! My baby! my baby!"

"It did not help you much!" How the reproach sank into Doris' heart. Yet there was no time to think of herself. Poor Kate wailed and raved until quieted by opiates, and then awoke to wail and rave anew. And, moveless, in the midst of all this storm of grief, there lay the tiny white form—so pure, so mute, so beautiful— the very soul of peace; a very protest against sorrow, a symbol of eternal rest!

The days that followed were terrible. Doris gave all her spare time to Kate, and was nearly worn out. Poor Robert, whose quieter grief for the child was almost swallowed up in his anxiety for his wife, was at his wit's end, and knew not how to comfort her. If she had had a severe attack of illness it would have been easier, but the final outcome was nervous exhaustion, coupled with extreme restlessness, and it was plain to all that she must be taken away. She had a horror of the rooms where she had known a mother's happiness, and she moaned to her husband to take her anywhere, anywhere, away from such keen persistent memories of her lost child. The tender mournfulness of David's cry, "I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me," was unknown to them; and so the blackest shadow of grief had fallen upon them. Alas, for Kate, the mother, whose sorrow was deepest. Where could she find comfort? And how, without comfort, could she live through the dreaded days?

Robert, fortunately, found a tenant for his flat, and took Kate away. He could barely afford it, but his family came to the rescue; they were deeply grieved for him and for his wife, and proved very kind and liberal. He planned a trip to Colorado, where the fine air and total change of scene might at least restore Kate's strength, and help her to regain a healthier tone of mind. They started first for Chicago, from which city Doris received a somewhat discouraging letter.

Saddened as she was by this calamity of her friend's, the shadow fell upon her of a new deprivation. The Sennetts had returned, but Ada's health had not been strong of late, and was causing her husband some anxiety. Her mother had died of consumption, and Mr. Sennett took alarm at her present condition, and insisted upon a summer of travel. Europe was proposed, but abandoned in favor of a journey to Southern California. Mr. Sennett was fond of Arthur, and proposed that he should accompany them, especially as he was growing very fast, looking rather long and thin, and losing color. Doris knew it was best for him, but her heart sank. Arthur stoutly refused the invitation, but Doris caught the gleam in his eye when the proposal was made.

"You must go, dear," she said, when they were alone together. "I have been thinking that I am selfish to keep you with me. We have very little time together, except evenings, and I am not a lively companion."

"You are!" cried Arthur, "you've been as bright and jolly and entertaining as can be, all for me, I know; and we've had lovely times! I'm not going to leave you."

After a brief pause, he exclaimed, suddenly: "I say, Doris, are the Rocky Mountains much higher than the White Mountains? I've seen those, you know." And later on, when he was apparently deep in some book of adventures, he raised his head and said: "Doris, didn't you say you had been to Niagara once when you were small? Are the Falls really so big? I met a fellow who said he was disappointed in them. You know Ada is going up there first."

Doris answered his questions smilingly, but yet with a feeling of sadness. Her mind was made up, and the boy's unselfish objections were soon over-ruled. He went away with the Sennetts in May.

His desire to go had been augmented by a cause which Doris, well as she thought she understood him, did not suspect. He was animated by the hope of meeting Ralph somewhere in the wide West! Doris would have been surprised and shocked to hear that she was doing the boy a wrong by this continued silence about his brother; yet it was so. His faithful childish heart was grieved and anxious; and, to some extent, it had preyed upon his health. No one had heard from Ralph; no one would speak of him; Arthur fancied that Doris would be troubled by any allusion to him; so there was nothing to do but to be silent. As a matter of fact, it would have been better for Doris to talk of him at times; but this Arthur could not know; indeed, she scarcely knew it herself. But the poor boy was haunted by grievous fears concerning his wandering brother, whom he loved; and he cherished a secret hope of running across him during their travels.

After he was gone, Doris entered upon a summer which proved to be one of the darkest periods of her life. Barton Maynard was away the greater part of the time. His parents owned a suburban country-seat, where they passed the summers, and Barton went there every night, returning to the city in the morning. This year they also took a trip, for the health of the elder Mr. Maynard; but while away, the old gentleman was stricken with paralysis, and died in a few weeks' time. Barton had an extended leave of absence from his firm, and remained away with his mother, for some time after his father's death.

Doris had little work in the summer. There was no teaching, and it was not easy for her to obtain choir work again, as her voice was not strong, and suitable only for a chorus. She had saved but little money this year, and to make matters worse, the income from her small capital was materially diminished for the present. Her financial affairs were managed by an old lawyer, a friend of her father's, and he wrote to her to say, with deep regret, that owing to some property being untenanted, her remittances were temporarily cut down one-half. She was already living very closely, and this loss made it necessary for her to move from Mrs. Bell's house. She went to a place on Tenth street, which she knew to be a quiet family house, but second-rate as to accommodations; and even there she was forced to take a small room on the fourth floor. No one knew of her difficulties; she never spoke of them at the church; her best friends were away; even Sarah Cline had gone to her home in New England. In her little dreary room, in the summer heat, Doris set herself to writing and drawing. She worked hard at the latter, and felt that she had greatly improved, but it was difficult to find a market for the work. She cut down expenses until she hardly allowed herself proper food; she "boarded out" at a cheap establishment over the way, and bought no extras; she had but little strength left for her charitable work. Sister Gertrude was stationed for the summer at a sea-side Home for children, and there was no one to question Doris. Mr. Weston was always kind, but she went to him for all that was necessary, and he did not need to visit her. So she lived alone with her sad memories, striving for bare subsistence. The depths to which her soul descended in these dark hours were known only to the God to whom she cried despairingly. She could no longer feel the comfort of his Presence; alone she was, within and without—alone at least in feeling, though not in reality. And yet the weary days and weeks passed by.

The first gleam of light dawned when the Mother Superior came home in August. She saw Doris in church, and was startled by her pallor, and the strange look of melancholy and suffering in the sensitive, resolute face. Not only her expressioon, but her whole appearance was changed. "Poor little Doris!" thought the Mother; "I never saw her look shabby before."

She spoke to the girl after service, and there was comfort in the clasp of her large warm hand. Even Mr. Weston was away just now, and Doris had felt that her loneliness was complete.

"I missed you at the early Celebration," said the Mother, after the first exchange of greeting was over.

"Yes; I live so far away now. I have moved to Tenth street."

"Moved? I am surprised; you must tell me all about it. I thought you were a fixture at Mrs. Bell's. But you should take a car to church, dear; you are not looking strong."

"I very seldom ride," said Doris, flushing.

"What is your address?" asked the Mother.

Doris gave it, and after that no more was said about her personal affairs; but the next morning, to her great surprise and pleasure, the Mother came to see her.

"I mean to spend the morning with you, if you are at leisure," she said. "There, don't trouble about the veil; just lay it on the bed. I'll take your rocking-chair, and you sit here beside me on this little divan. Lean back here, and make yourself comfortable. Poor child! you look as if you were always tired. Give me your hand, and tell me everything, Doris: your whole history since I saw you last."

"Oh, Mother! there is more to tell than I can ever speak of."

"So I thought! But it will all come. First, how is it you are all alone? I thought Arthur Burney was living with you."

"He is away with his sister and brother-in-law. I could not keep him in the hot city with me. I miss him so—you can't think! And the worst of it is, I am afraid I cannot have him again. If Ada wants him, I can't claim him; their home is so much more comfortable, too; but I can't help wishing they may not want him, and that's selfish. It would have been better if I had never had him! Oh Mother, I have lost everything! I would creep into the Sisterhood now, merely for a refuge, if it were right, but I know more than ever that I have no vocation, for it seems as if all devotional feeling had left me. I only want rest—and to be of use to some one again!"

The Mother soothed her hair with a loving touch. "Tell me everything, dear," was all she said.

And Doris told her everything, from the story of her love and sorrow, to her present poverty and weariness. It seemed, as she spoke, as if a great

weight were rolled from her heart; as if she could live and breathe again, and nerve herself for further effort. The Mother listened carefully, and her comments were few, but very wise and tender.

"But now I will tell you what is worst of all!" said Doris, at the close of her story. "It is this: I have loved and suffered for nothing—for a mere dream. For I know now, after all this time, that my love for Ralph was not right from the beginning. It was a strong feeling of personal tenderness and admiration, but it did not fill my whole nature. We should never have been happy! I have a world of interests into which he could never have entered; we should not have been true companions."

"Then it is best as it is."

"Yes; in a strict sense. But to think that after all it was not a true and complete experience, even while it lasted! I don't know why that hurts me, but it does. It seems strangely inconsistent, but I would like to feel that I love him still. I do, in a way; I feel, sometimes, the same old tenderness; it nearly breaks my heart! I long so to see him, only once; he is so—so beautiful! And it is hard to lose love. But, Mother, I am convinced now, truly, that marriage is not my vocation, whatever else may be."

"Why?"

"Because I am in love with independence; with work that is done for its own sake, and for results. I want to do something as an individual, not a mere adjunct to another person—a sort of echo, a feeble copy of some man to whose nature I am bound to adjust my own. You know me, Mother; I am not what they call 'strong-minded'; but I have lived, and worked, and striven alone, and though I am wearied to death, I do not know how to live, except as Doris Lee! It is only her work I can do, and not another's. Does it sound egotistical? What does it mean?"

"It means that you are a woman of strong individuality, who, having learned to stand alone, would suffer in being forced into the groove of another's experience. But a true marriage is not what you conceive it to be. You could be a noble wife to a man who would meet you on your own ground, who would respect your individuality, and place you by his side as an equal. It is true that you could not be a mere adjunct; you have fought your own battle, and have a right to stand on the ground you have won. You suffer for want of a love that is founded upon friendship—the only true foundation for any affection."

"Yes, I feel that friendship is the permanent element in love; yet it is not all."

"Oh no; it is the foundation from which the lovely structure rises. But to some natures it is an absolute requirement. However, your destiny—I mean whatever God wills for you, will unfold itself. Trust Him, dearest; you are gaining strength by suffering. Does Mr. Weston know of your experiences?"

"No; I did not feel that I had sinned about these things. I tried to walk a straight path; but sometimes"—

"Go on, Doris."

"Sometimes, now, I fear that in the case of poor Ralph, I was too hard. I might have been his friend."

"It might have been better, but it is hard to tell. In some cases a woman must 'be cruel only to be kind.' But, Doris, I must go to another part of your story—your embarrassments at present. This is a serious matter; you are really looking ill! What work are you doing."

"Only writing and drawing. I have taken up work in India ink, and like it very much. But my sketches are not wanted."

"I may be able to help you. I have a cousin who is employed on several magazines as an illustrator. Show me your work."

Doris brought several sketches, which the Mother examined carefully.

"This is good, my child. I think I know a little about it, and the improvement is remarkable. Give me these things; I will do what I can. In the meantime, our talk has helped you, I know."

"Helped me!" She could say no more, but she clung to the Mother's hand, and her tears were falling. The elder woman stooped and kissed her; then she whispered:

"Kneel here with me, my child. There is better help than mine!"

(To be continued.)

THE RECTOR'S MOVING.

BY L. E. CHITTENDEN.

If the silent partner had not been ill, and if there had not been a baby in the cradle, and two or three babies just out of it, it might not have mattered so much, but all these things had happened, and the house rented by the parish for a rectory, was sold from under them.

"Never mind, my dear," said the dominie, with cheerful faith. "I will attend to everything. You can sit still without a care!"

Visions of the dominie packing the coal oil can and its contents in the piano, the ink bottle in the pocket of her best gown, to say nothing of the hash of crockery, iron, and glass-ware, that was sure to ensue, arose in the silent partner's mind, and nearly bereft her of reason. But the ladies' guild was yet to be heard from. And the president and her suite called upon the silent partner next day, and comfortably waxed strong in the assurance that the dominie eke with learning and strong on Apostolic Succession, should be banished from the scene, and the guild would do all the moving.

Now the president and many of the guild weighed many stone, and were noted for their housewifely zeal. So the silent partner's heart went up in thankfulness, the new baby found his thumb, cuddled contentedly on the president's shoulder, and went sound asleep, feeling no doubt that everything was all right once more.

The dawn of moving morning found the president and her aids promptly on hand, flanked by an army with buckets.

"Now, my dear," said the president to the silent partner. "We're going to take your rocking chair in by the kitchen stove, and the cradle, too. One sister has caught cold, and cannot come out to help, so she is going to take care of the other children. Now, don't you fret the least in the world, for everything's planned, and you'll see yourself settled in the nice new cottage (that we have bought this time), right across the street from the church, so quick you won't know what did it."

Hence it fell out that the silent partner was locked up in her own kitchen, beside the glowing stove, before which purred the family cat, and on which sang the cheerful kettle, while the latest-arrived slumbered placidly in his cradle, while his mother read a book, and looked out at the snow-covered ground, and was more care-free than she had thought possible, and she thanked God for her friends.

Outside, the army divided itself into two parts: one to go to the new house to receive things as they arrived, the other to stay at the old house to send things off, and they took the parlor first in hand, rolled up the rugs (for there were no carpets in this house), and with tender care as they thought of the silent partner's love for and joy in her treasures, they packed pictures and bric-a-brac.

At the new rectory glowing fires were kindled in the grates. One artistic soul with her brush had touched the tiling around the parlor grate, and from it sprang, in quaintly fashioned letters, the sentence: "Aha! I have seen the fire and am warm." Then on the mantel back she coaxed maiden hair fern into the words "East or West, Home's Best."

When the first wagon load arrived, the rugs were unrolled and placed on the polished floors, pictures hung, and dainty white embroidered muslin curtains hung before the sunny windows. The piano was opened, the dominie's easy chair, with slippers in front, was placed near the grate, and a library table, on which stood a low brass reading lamp all ready to light, stood close at hand. The silent partner's chair on the other side of the fire was softly cushioned with silk pillows made by the guild. A bamboo couch was piled high with pillows, and softened by a rug of white fur.

The books were unpacked, and those designed for this room were placed on the pretty oak shelves newly silk-curtained, and they gave the finishing, cultured look to the room that books always give. When the pretty writing desk and the chairs were placed, this room was pronounced finished.

They next took the hall in hand. It was only a cubby hole of a hall that had made little of itself heretofore, and was quite contented to be called an entry. But when a fur rug was laid on the floor, a picture of a church interior hung opposite the door, making a pretty perspective effect, a small table and a diamond-shaped mirror over it, with its frame adorned with hooks for masculine headgear, had been placed, it was rather disposed to perk itself up and put on airs, particularly after a Bagdad portiere, produced from somewhere, as a salve for the silent partner's soul, was artistically draped over the doorway leading to the parlor.

Next came the contents of a bedroom, and the large sunny front room on the other side of the hall was entered by the besiegers.

There was a mysterious arrival in the shape of a brass crib, that the silent partner had longed for, but denied herself with a remembrance of the emaciated pocket-book. The artistic one had, with a pot of white enamel, turned the japanned iron bedstead into a thing of beauty and a joy forever. And they made it as dainty as a snowflake, by hanging it all in white, and adding a pair of the president's blankets, as soft and warm as her own heart. Then with pure white matting on the floor, with floor cushions of denim and chintz in front of the easy chairs, with a bamboo wall-cabinet for castoria, etc., for the infantry, with a swinging mirror on an easel, evolved from somewhere and kept busy reflecting the flitting figures, with a chest of drawers, and a dressing table that hid its unpainted angularities behind chintz flouncings and felt as happy as a young girl in a new Easter gown, with pictures hung, and the silent partner's wardrobe placed in the capacious closet, the guild drew a long breath of satisfaction at the result.

The dining room came next. Who had filled the china closet with a set of dainty dishes? There is no time to answer questions apparently, for the rugs must be spread, and the curtains hung, before the table comes. When it does arrive, pad the top softly, and spread it with satin damask, and the dainty dishes. How pretty it looks, with its glass and silver glinting in the fire-light dancing in the grate, and the high-backed low chairs for the grown ones, and its low-backed high chairs for the little ones.

While the other bedrooms are finishing, we will go back to the old house, where the other half have placed before the prisoners of war, a most appetizing repast, to which they have admitted the dominie who eats excellently, and approves of moving as conducted on this plan, and who talks, *apropos* of things in general, of the habits of the nomadic tribes.

Last of all, the cook stove, still glowing, is lifted on the bob-sled, with its kettle boiling. Then the rocking chair, silent partner, dominie, and postscript, are placed in the sled. The cat lazily winking her topaz eyes, goes also, notwithstanding her cat nature, having strong faith in the president's capacity for making things comfortable anywhere.

While this funny spectacle is passing down the street, the groceries, granaries, and butcheries, are taxed to fill the cellar, store-rooms, and pantries to overflowing, and while the silent partner arriving at her pretty home is crying, laughing, talking, kissing and being kissed, all at once (utterly impossible if she had not been a woman), over the order evolved from the chaos of moving day; while the cat curls contentedly down on the rug and sings an approving song; while the dominie reviews the backs of the books with anxious eye, and is mentally thankful that the bulk of his books are in the vestry; and while the latest-arrived imbibes comfort and wisdom from his thumb, the army disappears kitchen-ward, from whence presently issue savory odors of fried chicken and coffee; and the silent partner takes a triumphal and exclamatory march through the house, and grows well and strong every minute, her dimples and roses come to life once more, and she thanks God and takes courage.

NEXT Sunday is Mid-Lent or Mothering Sunday. There are many names for the day—the Sunday of Bread, the Sunday of Five Loaves, and the Sunday of Refreshment, in reference to the Gospel for the day. Formerly people always visited the mother church of their parish on that day, and thence arose the practice of children visiting their parents, and presenting them with trinkets or money.

SMITE THEM BY THE VIRTUE OF THE LENTEN FAST.

Those who are not scholars may need to be told that the word "vir ue" in Neale's hymn has no connection with the idea of there being any "merit" in fasting. Indeed in the preceding verse the word "merit" is used aptly: "Smite them by the merits of the holy cross," *i. e.*, (as is obvious), by the merit of the Passion of Christ. "Virtue" from "vir" a man; hence "strength", "efficacy," that quality which acts on others, as the virtues of plants or medicines act. "Jesus, knowing that virtue had gone out of Him." No one would imagine here that merit could be meant, any more than Shakespeare's "There is much virtue in it." Plainly, healing and strengthening power is here intended. And so the hymn assumes in common with all the branches of Christ's Church Catholic in the present day, and in accord with the universal mind of the Primitive Church, and with the mind of the Apostles, and of their Lord, and with the practice of St. Paul, at any rate, that there is virtue, strengthening and medicinal efficacy, in fasting. Not merit, but certainly medicine, both purging and tonic.

So Jeremy Taylor, no mean divine: "He that undertakes to enumerate the benefits of fasting may, in the next page, also reckon all the benefits of physic." He commends it as not, of course, an end in itself, or meritorious, but as an instrument—a means—used and approved, by the doctors of the Church, to an end.

"Fasting," he says, "If it be considered in itself, without relation to spiritual ends, is a duty nowhere enjoined or counselled. But Christianity had to do with it, as it may be made an instrument of the Spirit, by subduing the lusts of the flesh, or removing any hindrance of religion. And it hath been practised by all ages of the Church, and advised in order to three ministries: 1. To prayer; 2. To mortification of bodily lusts; 3. To repentance.

1. To prayer. In a little book called "Diaconia" we are told that Henry Venn (of a different school from Jeremy Taylor), used, so long in his life as his strength permitted this, to make a rule to shut himself every Friday in his study till three P. M., for devotional exercises, during which time he abstained from all food, and also, for that time, remained in strict solitude; again, in accordance with Bishop Taylor's dictum; "Fasting, as it is instrumental to prayer, must be attended with other aids of like virtue and efficacy; such as are removing for the time all worldly cares and secular businesses." One of the most forcible sermons, by the way, on the efficacy of fasting is from the pen of John Wesley.

2. To mortification of bodily lusts. On this score St. Paul recommends it, and much amazed would he be at the dictum of some new teacher who, it would seem, declares that "if you give up a meal for the sake of self-discipline it is the most miserable of all delusions!" St. Paul taught not so; he not only recommends abstinence from innocent delights for a time with the purpose of giving ourselves prayer, but he teaches by example the wiseness of "using some roughnesses towards the body;" training and restraining its appetites and longings; putting off its superfluous weight for running the Christian race; entering into a contest with it, as in the boxing of the games, "dealing its black bruises," mortifying it, *i. e.*, killing its inclinings, crucifying the flesh with the affections and lusts. He knew that, as spoilt children, our unrestrained longings are ever discontented and in mischief, and would have them taught by discipline and the not being always, even in things not wrong, allowed to have their way, so that they should learn ready obedience to the higher will.

3. To repentance. To lay penance upon the body for its excesses and transgressions has ever been held of much value and efficacy; even as part of the "godly sorrow" of the Corinthians consisted, St. Paul notes, in "revenge." So Jeremy Taylor speaks of the usefulness (nobody dreams of "merit") of, "even in the midst of our most festival and freer joys, sprinkling some single instances and acts of self-condemning, or punishing: as to refuse a pleasant morsel or a delicious draught, with a tacit remembrance of the sin that now returns to displease the spirit."

Our Church Anglican gives us directions clear and distinct as to when and how to fast. "The Scriptures bid us fast;" the Church says "Now." She gives a list of days and season of abstinence, of which (would God the ordering were more noted and acted upon by her children!) Friday in each week, except it be Christmas Day, is one. She clearly directs the manner and end of fasting, and lays down most plain rules for the guidance of her members. This very specially in the Collect for the first Sunday in Lent, in which she prescribes "such abstinence as may subdue the flesh to the spirit," leaving each to judge (for which they may well use direction) of the degree which, in each case, will have this effect. Excessive abstinence, for instance, would with many have an effect entirely opposite. And, as Jeremy Taylor instructs, fasting must in no case injure health. Yet even the exempt from this duty, as the delicate, the aged, the poor, and the very young, may find many minor instances in which self-denial and disciplinary self-restraint may be employed.

Our Church also, be it remarked, endorses the acts of "the Chalcedon Council, one of the four great General Councils" (which four the Church Anglican acknowledges), in the Homily "Of Fasting," which Homily, with the others, she endorses in her Article No. XXXV. And in this Homily the decree of that Council is taken as her own definition of what fasting is: "Fasting, then, by the decree of those 630 Fathers, grounding their determination in this matter upon the sacred Scriptures, and long-continued usage or practice both by the prophets and other godly persons before the coming of Christ, and also of the Apostles and other devout men in the New Testament, is a withholding of meat, drink, and all natural food from the body, for the determined time of fasting."

The Homily goes on to declare the three ends of fasting, private and public; and then, toward the conclusion, exhorts us "both inwardly in our hearts, and also outwardly in our bodies, diligently to exercise this godly exercise of fasting in such sort and manner as the holy prophets, the Apostles, and divers other devout persons for their time used the same." And it is noticeable that the very next of these very Protestant Homilies speaks at the outset of the "virtue of fasting."

It were well that her authorized teachers should, in these days of laxity, fearlessly bring forward the Church's strictness in this matter, and deprecate at least dinner-parties, dances, drawing-rooms, on her Fridays and in her Lents. If any find it easy to subdue the flesh, to give precedence to spirit over body in devotion, to conquer the old nature and to adopt the new; in a word, not only to "follow after holiness" with painful toil, but to be already holy, then to such we speak not. They have distanced St. Paul, and have already attained. But those who, pressing toward the mark, find still the flesh impede them, and the world's entanglements hold them back, these will not neglect or hold lightly discipline proved and tried as to its virtue, in the past time and in the present, by the experience of the earnest athletes of God.—*Church Bells.*

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

THE CHURCH AND THE MASSES.

To the Editor of The Living Church:

I hail with pleasure any article on the the subject of free churches! On with the good work! Let us show to the world that "this Church" can reach the poor. How often have I heard the remark: "Well, I do not go to church now since I am poor. The Episcopal Church is no place for poor folks." Down with the barrier of pew rents! "Whosoever will, let him come and take of the water of life freely." Oh, the gall and bitterness of coming down in the world, and yet being a member of the Church of rented seats—a Church where one's financial status may be gleaned by a view of the graded seats in God's House. Say if you will, the true Christian does not care, if he or she have the right spirit, it will not matter. Well, grant it. How many have the right spirit? Let there be one place on earth where the poor and humble can feel that they are not graded by money. How I long to defend the Church when I hear her assailed along this line—but I cannot. I know only too well it is a just criticism.

Welcome the day when it will be not longer so. Thank God if it be as really stated that the spiritual life of the Church is increasing even as the number of clergymen is increasing, who desire, as their Master did, to "preach the gospel to the poor."

Welcome the day when none will feel too poor to go to God's house and feel that he has a free ticket to the feast of all-glorious praise and thanksgiving. Oh, if the Church would only come down to the people and let them know the glorious truths committed to her trust, instead of waiting for the people to come to her! Open the doors and "bring in the sheaves." Our Church is misunderstood perhaps more than any other. I am a Churchman, and want to see the Church prove herself in these tempestuous times unworthy of the charges so often brought of "aristocratic exclusiveness" and formal, spiritless ritualism, too high up for the masses!

L. C. S.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the Living Church:

I have read with deep interest all letters published discussing the Sunday school question, and trust you will urge its continuance until there is a better conception of the true status of this work in the Church. I have not, I think, noticed any letters from laymen; hence may be excused in presenting the view of one of them, who for many years has been engaged in this work, and considers it fully as important, if not more so, than many of the so-called "burning questions of the day."

I must confess I do not see the force of one great objection strongly urged against the institution: that it belittles the Church in the eyes of the scholars, and usurps time which should be devoted to fostering interest in the Church; on the contrary, it would appear that the school is the true nursery of the former. However much "home instruction" may be desired, it is an ideal theory which will not speedily, if ever, be realized; the stubborn fact remains that the burden of instructing the children is thrown on the Church, and it only remains for her priests to determine the best manner in which the trust shall be discharged. I really think, too, that the school, under the direction of the earnest, capable priest, is a far better place for such instruction than the best home, and that the child incurs far less danger of being erroneously taught in the former.

Another point on which too much stress appears to have been placed is the alleged incompetency of the average teacher. In an experience of many years, it has not been my fortune to secure many competent instructors; but the Church wisely does not leave the question, What shall be taught? to the teacher, good or bad. She provides thoroughly sound, practical, and simple books of instruction, which, of themselves, cover the whole question of Catholic teaching, and leave to the teacher but the task of having them properly learned, with such additional explanation as may befit the capacity of teacher and scholar—instruction which cannot vary materially from the formularies of the Faith, however ignorant the teacher. What is thus drilled into the child from its earliest years of intelligence, becomes a body of truth never wholly forgotten.

Whatever the teaching of the individual instructors, it should be regularly and constantly supplemented by public catechising by the superintendent or rector. The services of the school should be based strictly on the Prayer Book; the teachers should meet weekly for instruction by the rector or superintendent; and the scholars might be helped by a judicious system of praise, and, possibly, a roll of honor. The hours of holding the sessions of the school must, of course, vary with the habits and customs of the locality, and care must be taken to begin and close strictly on time, that the children be not wearied. That the children will not, as a rule, attend services after attending the school, is practically true; neither will they, as a rule, attend services where there is no school at all. Such attendance where the children have not been previously instructed is not an unmixed good, inasmuch as the children are, and will always remain, ignorant of much elemental truth, which diminishes largely the teaching force of the services. But, teach your children somewhat after the system I have indicated, and, wisely done (I mean under a competent head), it means that they will naturally imbibe a love of Church, a knowledge of her ways, and thus grow up intelligent Churchmen.

I note with deep regret that the majority of those rectors whom I have known do not appear to have that high idea of the work and end of the school that the sectarian minister possesses. Yet I would merely ask any such priests to note in their own community the place the Sunday school occupies in each Protestant congregation, and the resultant growth of the membership, following such devotion to the children. Surely we ought not to ignore the plain facts; surely we see the great ignorance of the mass of our adult communicants, and the straying away of the mass of our children after a certain age. Let us make the Sunday school so important, so interesting, that we shall have the largest in our respective communities. Instruct them as they can only be instructed (practically) in the school, and we shall see such a growth as will astonish us. I cannot see that any amount of attention given the school diminishes the reverence due Mother Church. On the contrary, I think the greater the interest shown by priests and parents in the school, the better chance we shall have of winning the youth of the congregation to an intelligent devotion to their Mother.

W. H. BONIFACE.

March 16th, 1892.

CHURCH ENDOWMENTS.

To the Editor of The Living Church:

You republish an article from *The Christian at Work* on the proposed canon introduced in the last council of the diocese of Western New York, looking toward grad ual endowments. The canon, as proposed, differs from the description given by the writer of the article above referred to. He says "the sinking fund is to be added to until the interest on it will equal the annual income of the church." The proposed canon says, "until the annual interest therefrom equals the amount collectible from pew rents," which is a different matter, since annual income may be larger than amount collectible from pew rents.

The writer goes on to say that there are two sides to the general question of church endowment. There are two sides also to the question of paying church debts.

"What is left to the congregation to do? Nothing." Just what your anti-church-debt-payer would say! How about the duty of carrying the Church to the poor, whether in city, in country, or abroad? Is there not a little to be done here, even after debt is paid and church is endowed? The writer distinctly assumes that there is nothing for a congregation to do after paying "the salary of the pastor, the organist, or choir-master" unless perhaps, to meet, and sing, and pray, and listen; he further assumes that the duty of self sacrifice is diminished or extinguished by the existence of a parish endowment. After a church debt is paid, those who have argued against its payment have been surprised to find that there still existed opportunities for self-sacrifice. "Beneficent work" can never be "all provided for." "But," says the writer, "we

only point to the fact that endowment does not set in motion the wheels of individual activity." Our old friend, the anti-church-debt-payer, again. You old fraud! individual activity is set in motion by individual will; if a man wants to be active he will be active, church debts and endowments having really nothing to do with it.

"But rather," says the writer, "endowment puts a brake on the wheels of individual activity." This is absolutely denied, and the writer is put to his proof. On the contrary, it is asserted that greater opportunities should and do create greater responsibilties and greater activities. Wealthy men when they are lazy, are not so by reason of their wealth, but because their sense of responsibility is not felt, and a rich man's son's education is neglected if the development of this sense is not included in it. Wealth is not a bad thing in itself. How did you get it? How do you use it? are the questions.

□Permit me to urge positively:

I. The proposed canon makes a beginning.

II. It is necessary for the independence of the priest and the life of many parishes.

III. It prevents starvation salaries.

IV. It educates the congregation in its duty of preparing the way for posterity to do its peculiar work.

V. Slow progress is better than none.

VI. It rightly estimates the duty and responsibility (*a*) of the Church of Christ, and (*b*) of the individual members thereof.

LEWIS STOCKTON.

Buffalo, N. Y.

APPELLATE COURTS.

To the Editor of The Living Church:

In view of the approaching General Convention, in which the subject of Appellate courts will undoubtedly be brought up, it may be well to consider the rights that were secured to the accused by the first General Council. The following is a literal translation of the Fifth Nicæan Canon:

"In regard to those who have become excommunicate, whether they be in the clericate or of lay rank, by the bishops in each province, let the judgment prevail in accordance with the rule which declares that those who have been cast off by some be not admitted by others. But let inquiry be made, whether they have not become unchurched, through (some) littleness of soul or contentiousness, or some such unpleasantness on the part of the bishop. In order therefore that this thing may receive due attention, it seemed good that there should be two synods each year in each province, so that, by the common consent of all the bishops of the province, be gathered in the same place in common assembly, such questions may be examined into, and so those who have confessedly offended against the bishop may appear with reason to be excommunicate with all, until it may seem good to the common body of the bishops to give a milder vote on their behalf. And let the synods take place, one before Tessaracost in order that all littleness of soul being removed, the gift may be offered pure to God; and let the second be about the time of the end of autumn." N. O. M.

STEWARDS OF THE MYSTERIES.

To the Editor of The Living Church:

Assuming that a priest in residence believes and loyally accepts the Book of Common Prayer, what is expected of him as to the number of public services which he will offer each year to Almighty God?

As my book reads, it would seem to be, *viz.:* Morning Prayer 365, Evening Prayer 365, Litany 156, Holy Eucharist 365, total 1,251.

Of each and all of these services it may be said that certain conditions are essential, and certain other conditions expedient, edifying, but non-essential.

Of the essentials we would mention this: The presence of Almighty God, to whom is offered worship; and the presence of the priest who may offer this worship, at least for himself.

As one of the many non-essentials we may cite the attendance of the congregation, the people who by their presence and right minds may increase and may make more acceptable the offering of the priest.

Should this philosophy of the right relations of people, priest, and public worship of Almighty God chance to be that of Holy Church, in what plight stand those priests—"messengers, watchmen, and stewards of the Lord," whose officially reported public services of all kinds are less than one-fourth of the number required by the Book of Common Prayer? In at least one diocese in this country, fully half of all the resident priests officially report themselves in this small way.

Should some of your readers urge that Holy Church is indifferent as to her priests' methods or results, near or remote, we would commend the following to their prayerful consideration:

"Have always, therefore, printed in your remembrance, how great a treasure is committed to your charge. For they are the sheep of Christ, which he bought with his death, and for whom He shed His blood. The church and congregation whom you must serve is His spouse and His body. And if it shall happen that the same church, or any member thereof, do take any hurt or hinddrance by reason of your negligence, ye know the greatness of the fault, and also the horrible punishment that will ensue.

"For our God is a consuming fire.

"Moreover, it is required in stewards that a man be found faithful."

What a frightful accounting in a parish, if such there be, where the steward has habitually withheld ninety per cent. of the means or opportunities of grace!

KING OF SHEBA.

Buffalo, N. Y.

A FATHER'S PERPLEXITY.

To the Editor of The Living Church:

I regret to say that, with the exception of myself and family, there are no Church people in this county, and that clergymen of our Church never come here, even through mistake. The denominations are strongly represented, and occasionally a priest of Rome may be seen among us, looking after the scattered members of that fold, but no one here knows anything about the Episcopal Church.

If you could spare a little corner in THE LIVING CHURCH in which to state your views concerning the duty of parents to their children under such circumstances, I would esteem it a great favor. The constant tendency of the young, when so situated, is to unite with some of the sects in the vicinity. May a father justifiably oppose it, is a question that has given me great concern. Revival preaching, with its usual accompaniments of persuasions by friends, music, etc., will produce an effect, and what are the isolated children of the Church to do? Must we calmly see *our own* led by other hands into strange paths? But again, has a parent the right to assume the responsibility of saying by what road any soul, even his child's, shall seek God?

I confess to being perplexed in this matter, and would gladly receive advice therein.

W. H. D.

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What an awakening there is among good people generally on the question of comfort in their Homes, and brightness and beauty in their surroundings. This is as it should be, but is not as it used to be. The world moves and the age is a progressive one. We no longer depend on the candles of our fathers, but enlighten our evening by electric sparks that leave gas and tallow in oblivion; and by the use of the wonderful Frink Reflectors diffuse in our large assembly rooms and large halls and church buildings a sweet, delightful illumination that greatly adds to the enjoyment of modern life.—*The Christian Advocate*, New York, Feb. 11, 92.

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The Interior (Presb.)

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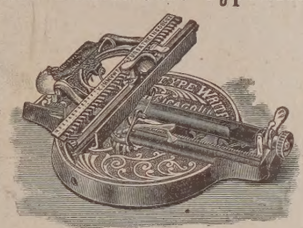

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OUR SLEEPING-ROOMS

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FROM *Good Housekeeping.*

CONCLUDED.

Where shall we set the bed? Away from the wall, and so arranged that we may go all around without moving it, for health's sake and convenience in making. Physicians tell us that it is very unhealthy to sleep near the wall, on account of dampness for one thing; and another thing more serious is that one's breath is thrown back to be inhaled again. An instance is related where a severe morning headache was cured (permanently) by simply moving the bed from near the wall into the middle of the room. A German scientist tel's us "that we should always sleep with our heads toward the north pole. The next best position is east. It is equal to committing suicide to lie with the head towards the south."

How long shall we air our beds? Just as long as possible. A good way to air the clothes is to place two chairs at the foot of the bed, two or three feet away, then draw the clothes from the bed over them smoothly, leaving the mattress bare. In this way the mattress gets aired, and the clothes have a better chance than when thrown over chairs. The pillows are beaten up and placed in the air, but not in the sun, as that makes them smell oily.

How often ought we to wash our pillows? They ought to be washed at least every spring. Take a pair or two at a time, as they may be spared, selecting a time when it promises fair weather. Put them in soak in nearly cold soapsuds, pushing them down under water from time to time, so as to get them all wet through; then rinse in two clear waters, squeezing out all the water possible. Pin securely to the line. As soon as the ticking is dry at the top, turn them, and continue to do this at intervals during the day. It is better to hang them in the shade than in the sun. A brisk wind helps to dry them. Should there come a rain before they are dry, lay them on top of the clothes bars before the kitchen fire. If they should smell badly, do not feel alarmed; all unpleasant odor will go away when they are hung out again in the air. While drying, they should be patted and pulled in shape. It will take a number of days to dry them, and they should not be used under a month. If they need new ticks, now is the time to change them. Only the best ticking should be used. Sew up the tick, leaving one end open. Take the pillow, when dry, into a shed, or where there is no air stirring to make the feathers fly. Carefully rip open the end, moving the pillow as little as possible. Have ready a stout needle and thread, and baste the new and old tick together; then gently shake the feathers from the old into the new tick. After they are mostly out, unbaste and insert the hand for the remainder, then sew up the tick, over and over closely, and the work is done.

How often shall we wash our blankets? Some think it spoils blankets to wash them, and do it seldom; but it seems to me that wool absorbs more dirt than cotton, and ought to be washed. How often, depends on how much they are used. A good clear day, with some wind, will make the blankets dry quickly. Plenty of soft water should be used. If not available, then borax or ammonia should be added, and a good white soap, without rosin in it, as that makes blankets yellow. The soap should be dissolved in water beforehand. The suds should not be too hot, but just comfortable to the hands, and should be just right before the blankets are put in, and no hot or cold water turned over them while in the tub. They should be rinsed until no soap remains in the water. They should not be rubbed on the board, but squeezed in the hands, and wrung in the same way. The wringer spoils the nap of the blanket. Two pairs of hands should wring, shake, and hang on the line. The water that drips off should be squeezed out and the blankets be pulled into shape as they dry. When dry, they should be folded and put under a heavy weight to press.

Blankets washed for the first time should not be mixed with others. There is an oil in them that must be washed out, or the blankets will always look streaked. It is much easier to cut them apart before washing, and sometimes one blanket is needed when two are not. All colored ribbon must be ripped off, or it will leave the blanket colored in spots. A good way is to take white zephyr worsted and buttonhole the edges. It looks neat, and will last as long as the blanket. Make a strong suds of dissolved soap, having it just warm, not hot, and put in a blanket. The suds will very rapidly disappear, nothing being left but dirty, greasy water. After soaking, put into another suds, and after squeezing through this, if it still looks dingy, put into a third suds. If it is now clear, rinse in clean water until it looks white and soft. If washed rightly the first time, it will always look well.—*M. J. Plumstead.*

Spring time is Daisy time,
Nice things come together;
Summer time is Rose time,
Fair and golden weather;
Autumn time is frost time,
Forest trees a-flaming;
Winter time is bleak time,
Ice and snow
a-reigning.
Would you
have it al-
ways be,
Rose and Daisy time?
Always in your dear home nest
Have the bright sunshine?
Buy the Powder named below
And find without a doubt,
Daisy time and Rose time
Within if not without.
For all seasons Gold Dust Washing Powder.

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